

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE



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The Victory BRIAR PATCH



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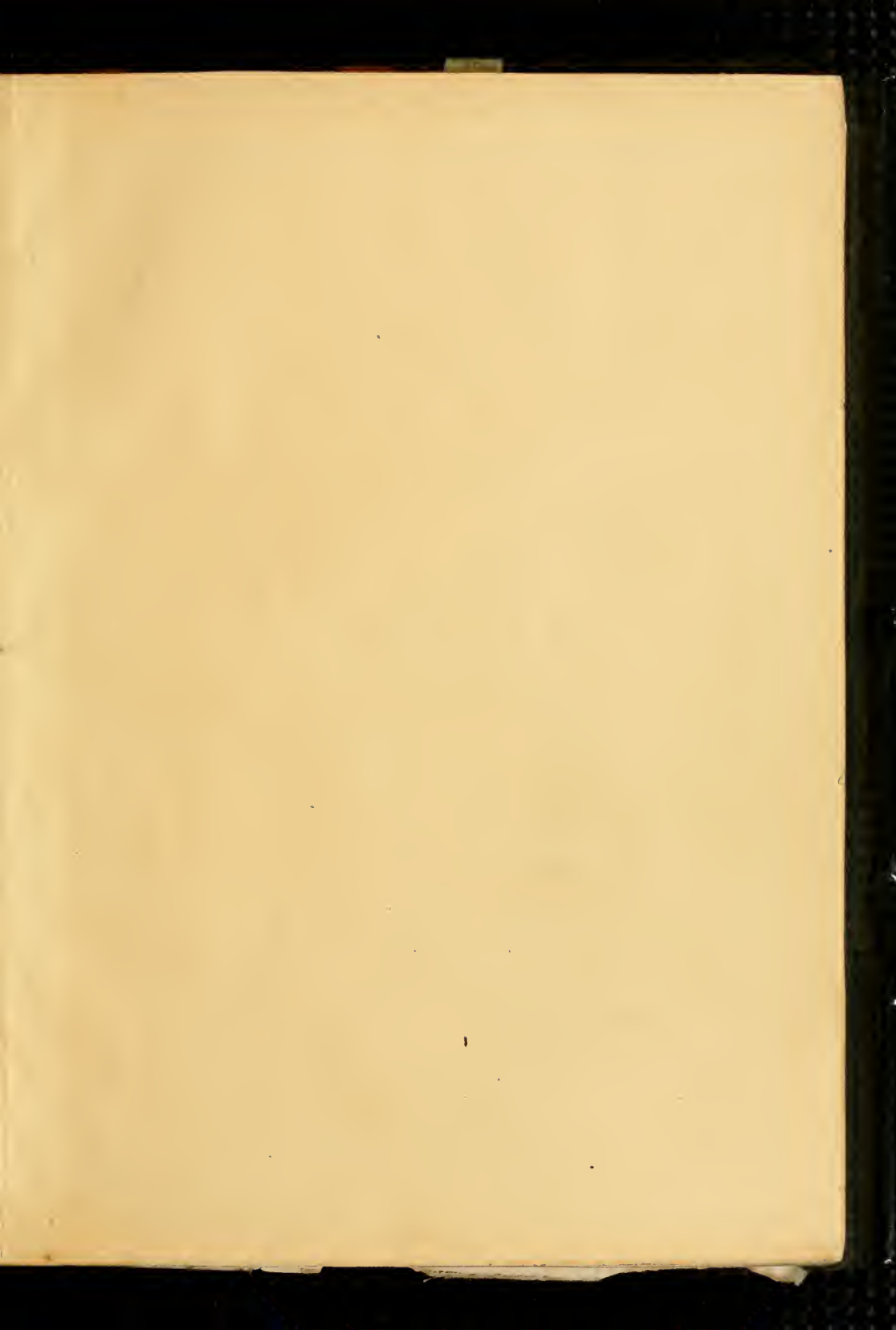
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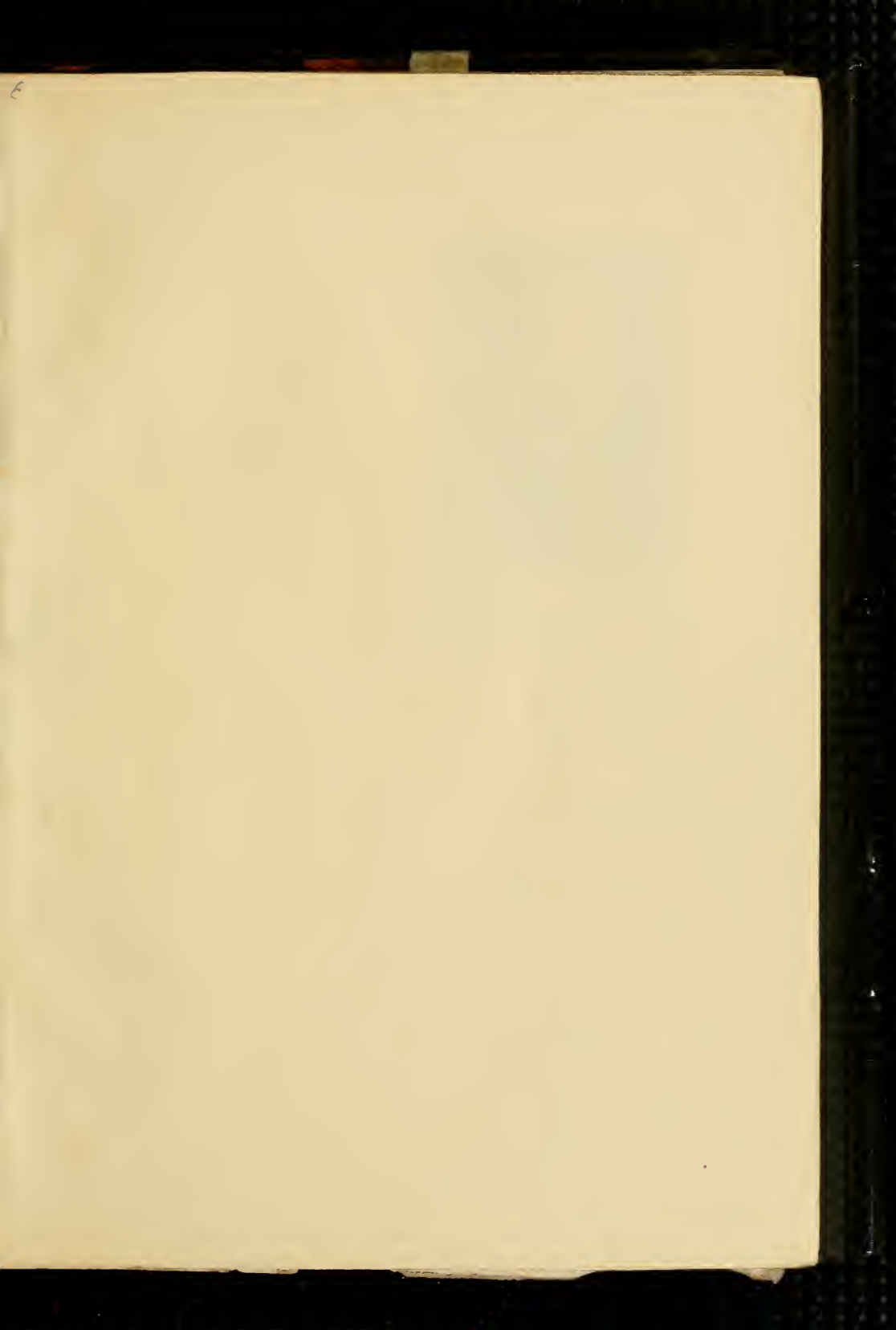
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BRIAR - PATCH

PUBLISHED
BY THE
JUNIOR CLASS

1919
SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE

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+ + +

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MISS McVEA

To

Emilie Watts McVea

our honored president

we dedicate this Annual
as a testimonial of the high regard
in which we hold her, and as an expression
of our desire to co-operate with her
to the utmost for the growth and
development of our beloved
Sweet Briar College



EMILIE WATTS McVEA



AS the third year of President McVea's stay among us is drawing to a close, it may prove interesting, as well as beneficial, to recapitulate the history of her life, and to attempt to show what she has done and is trying to do for Sweet Briar.

Miss McVea was born in Louisiana. She was educated at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C., where she was a teacher and afterwards principal. Later she studied at Cornell, and in Washington at the Columbia University. She taught in Washington, D. C., and was assistant Professor of English Literature at the University of Tennessee, which she left to assume the duties of Professor of English and Dean of Women at the University of Cincinnati, in 1904. Miss McVea was much more than a part of the teaching staff at Cincinnati. She was in every sense a citizen of the community. Just prior to her departure from Cincinnati, the organizations to which she had belonged during her twelve years' sojourn in the city planned a unique testimonial to her services and fellowship. Twenty-seven organizations with which she had been intimately associated joined in an expression of appreciation of what her life among them had meant. Few women have called forth the tributes accorded that evening to the new president of Sweet Briar College. On commencement day, in June, 1916, the University of Cincinnati conferred on Miss McVea the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters, in appreciation of her work to advance and strengthen the institution of which she had so long been a part, and in anticipation of what lay before her in her still larger field of influence.

Sweet Briar had always held an enviable place among women's colleges, and there are few institutions of its size that draw their patronage from so wide an area. Unfortunately, however, the secondary department was encroaching in importance upon the college proper, and it is in regard to Miss McVea's efforts to overcome this circumstance that we are chiefly interested. Three years ago, the College was credited with one hundred and three students (twenty-one of whom were specials), and ninety-nine sub-freshmen in the preparatory department. This year the Freshmen number one hundred and twenty-nine; the Sophomores number fifty-six; the total number of College students is two hundred and fifty-three. By action of the Board of Trustees, the Preparatory Department (the Academy) will be discontinued after June, 1919. In September, 1919, Sweet Briar will be altogether a College.

Our faculty consists of thirty-three highly trained men and women. Our science laboratories have been greatly enlarged and augmented during the past two years and a half. Our library now numbers over seven thousand volumes. New courses have been offered in Bacteriology, in Botany, in Greek, in History, in Psychology, in Ethics, in English, and in the Romance Languages. A separate department of Physics has been established, and next year a department of Economics and Social Science will be organized. With additional buildings, and with an endowment, Sweet Briar can become within the next five or six years a College of five hundred students, and take its rightful place in the educational world.

These few facts speak for themselves, and while we realize that it has taken and will take many hands to carry on the work, we feel, too, that words can but poorly express our gratitude and admiration for Miss McVea's splendid initiative and accomplishment.

"Ad multo annos" at Sweet Briar, President McVea.

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MARY SEARLE
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Instructor in Mathematics

MARCELLA WAGNER
A. B., Wellesley College
Instructor in Botany

*Absent on leave.

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Conservatory of Music under Marcian Thalberg
Instructor in Piano

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A. B., Sweet Briar College
Instructor in Home Economics

EVELYN WILLIAMS
Instructor in Theoretical Music and History of Music

JEANNE ALEXANDER
Instructor in Violin

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Librarian

CICELY MILLER
Assistant Librarian

DOROTHY WALLACE
Assistant in Chemistry

CATHARINE BELLE TOWNE
Assistant in Biology

THE NEW DAY

DR. EMILIE WATTS McVEA



THE record of our Victory year is complete: the war is ended. Sweet Briar, looking back over the past two years, must ask herself searchingly: "Did I fail as a college; did my students, individually, rise to the height of their opportunities and responsibilities?"

We, like all other colleges, engaged in many war activities; we raised a good deal of money, we supported the Food Administration, we worked for the Y. W. C. A. and for the Red Cross, we cared for French and Belgian children. However, now that the stress has passed, we wish regretfully that we had done more. We think of our mistakes and lost opportunities rather than of our accomplishments.

Upon one thing we have determined, the great experience of the past two years shall not leave us unchanged. With all our might we will hold to the ideals of courage, of high purpose, of patriotism, and of humanity which these stern months have taught us; we will endeavor, to the utmost of our ability, as a college and as individuals, to do our part in interpreting to our generation the larger, finer meaning of democracy and of internationalism.

Sweet Briar, even in its exquisite seclusion, has felt the throb, the heartbeat of the world. Her life has been enlarged and enriched by a share, small but real, in the activities and sacrifices of the nations of the earth. It has been our high privilege to have lived and wrought in the greatest years of the world's history.

Still greater and more difficult days lie before us. Many of the binding traditions and prejudices of the past must die, true ideals of internationalism based upon love of country and of race, true conceptions of social order and social justice must be born. In the new era now dawning, woman will play an increasingly responsible part in the life of the community. She must be hospitable to new ideas, courageous in facing new difficulties and new burdens, unswerving in devotion to democratic ideals and principles. She must be imbued with a sense of the value and the joy of life.

Sweet Briar rejoices in the strong young lives which she is sending forth to share in the work and in the achievement of the new world. To the best future of that world we dedicate, we consecrate the coming years.



SENIORS



SENIOR CLASS



LOUISE HAMMOND
President

COLORS: Blue and Black

TREE: White Pine

MOTTO: *Spectamur Agendo*

EMBLEM: Lion

+

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FRANCES WILD*Vice-President*

HENRIETTA ANDERSON*Secretary*

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ROLL

HENRIETTA ANDERSON

KATHERINE BLOCK

ELIZABETH EGGLESTON

NELL EICKELMAN

FLORENCE FREEMAN

ROSANNE GILMORE

LOUISE HAMMOND

ELIZABETH HODGE

ISABEL LUKE

DOROTHY NEAL

MARY JONES NIXON

JOSEPHINE PAYNE

CAROLINE SHARPE

MILDRED THOMPSON

CATHARINE TOWNE

DOROTHY VALENTINE

FRANCES WILD

ISABEL WOOD

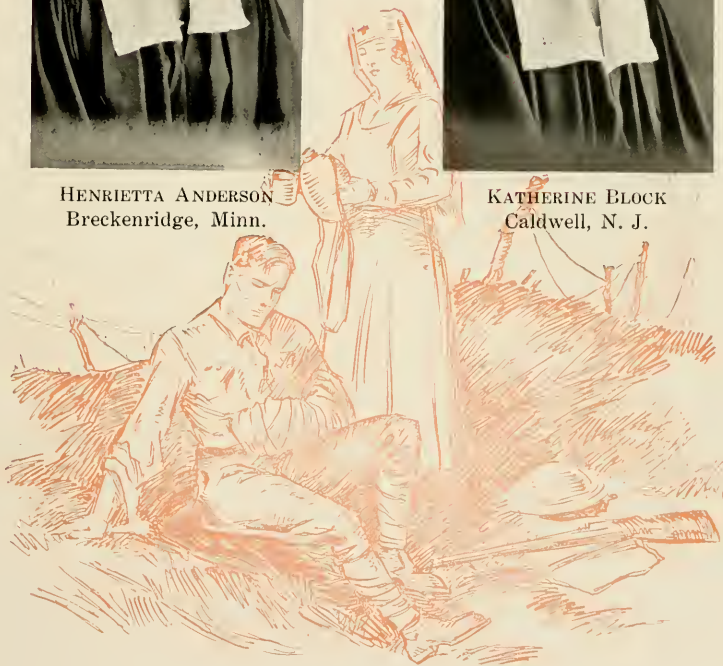
DOROTHY WALLACE



HENRIETTA ANDERSON
Breckenridge, Minn.



KATHERINE BLOCK
Caldwell, N. J.





ELIZABETH EGGLESTON
Hampden-Sidney, Va.



NELL EICKELMAN
San Bernardino, Calif.

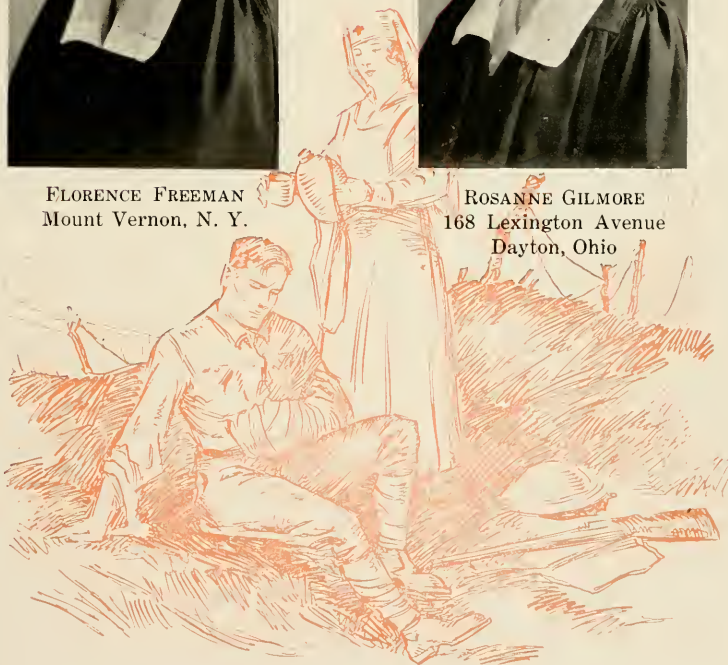




FLORENCE FREEMAN
Mount Vernon, N. Y.



ROSANNE GILMORE
168 Lexington Avenue
Dayton, Ohio





LOUISE HAMMOND
Covington, Va.



ELIZABETH HODGE
6303 Grand Vista Avenue
Cincinnati, Ohio





ISABEL LUKE
Covington, Va.



DOROTHY NEAL
215 East Jefferson Street
Boise, Idaho

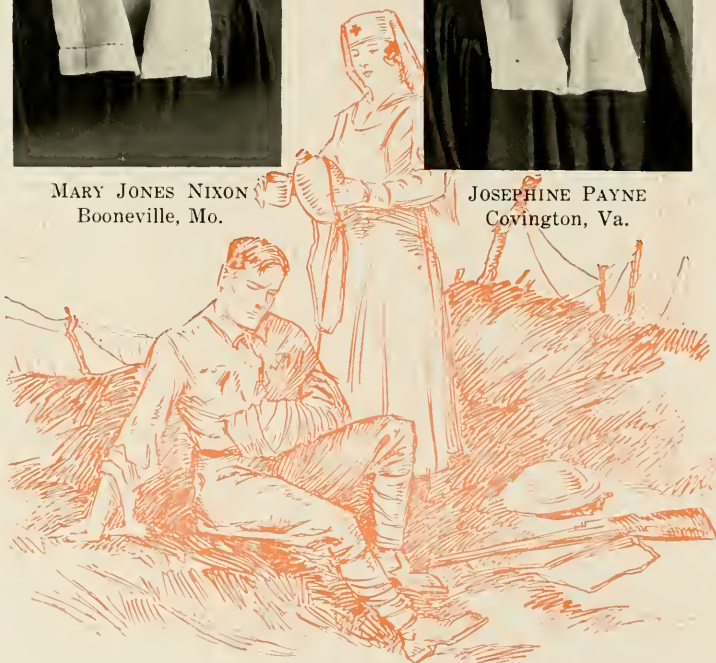




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Booneville, Mo.



JOSEPHINE PAYNE
Covington, Va.

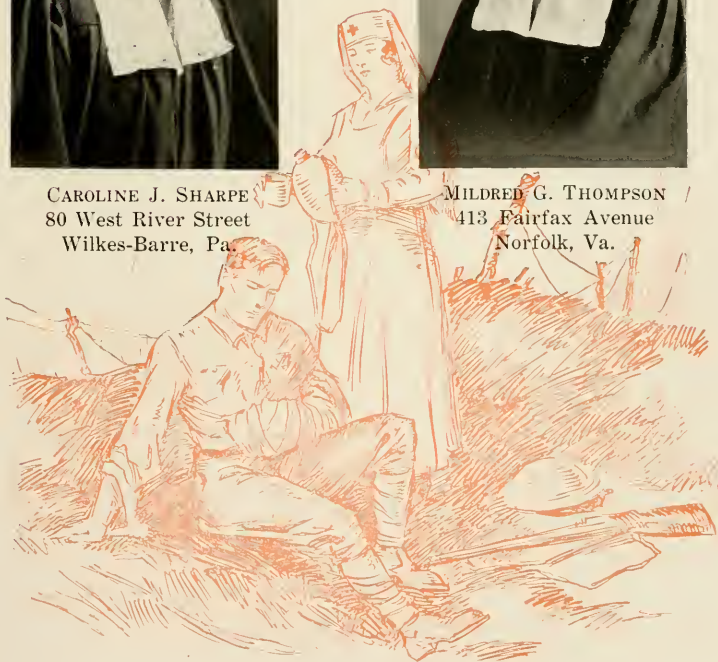




CAROLINE J. SHARPE
80 West River Street
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.



MILDRED G. THOMPSON /
413 Fairfax Avenue
Norfolk, Va.





CATHARINE TOWNE
819 Judson Avenue
Evanston, Ill.



DOROTHY VALENTINE
194 Green Street
Woodbridge, N. J.

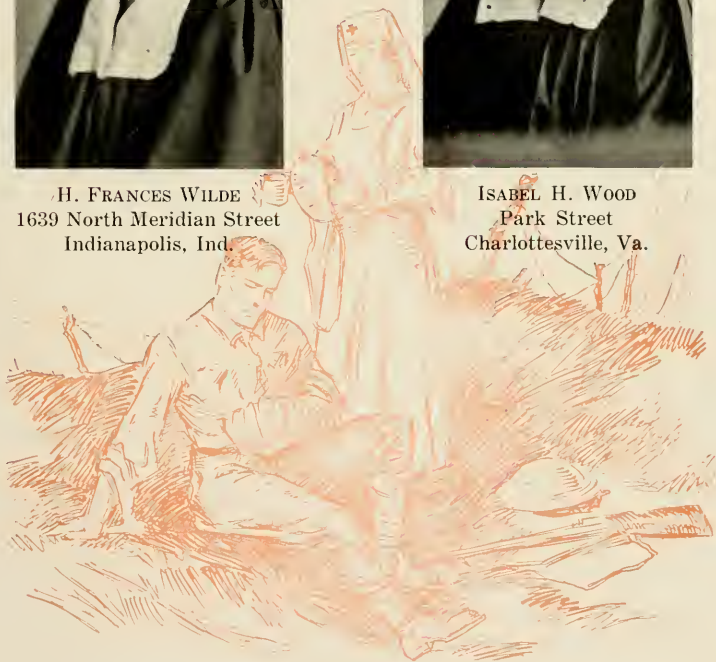




H. FRANCES WILDE
1639 North Meridian Street
Indianapolis, Ind.



ISABEL H. WOOD
Park Street
Charlottesville, Va.





DR. MARY K. BENEDICT
Honorary Member of Class of Nineteen-Nineteen

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

THE Class of Nineteen-Nineteen arrived at Sweet Briar in September, 1915, large in number, bold in spirit, and fired with the ambition to make a mark in college and later in the world. The first few months of college life were hard and disillusioning, but Nineteen-Seventeen proved itself a sister Class worth boasting about, and helped Nineteen-Nineteen in her early efforts, taught her her A B C's, and showed her the path wherein she should plant her faltering footsteps. Early in the year the daughters of Nineteen-Nineteen came to be known as "Husky Bunch," and as "Husky Bunch" they will stand in the annals of Sweet Briar. During the first year, Nineteen-Nineteen conducted herself like any well-behaved Freshman Class, partaking in religious, social, and athletic affairs. Her most conspicuous success was that of her first Class play, "Mice and Men." Besides many other interesting and enlightening things, Nineteen-Nineteen learned in that year that work, hard and persevering work, was necessary to help ambition over the stony paths of knowledge to her goal of a much-coveted degree.

Nineteen-Nineteen returned to Sweet Briar in the fall of Nineteen-Sixteen, in a rather belligerent state of mind, determined to make the "Freshmen" realize the great and overwhelming difference that one year can make. Nineteen-Twenty had the advantage of numbers to offset Nineteen-Nineteen's superiority, and Class fights of a ferocious nature were the inevitable outcome. Studying, being of secondary importance, was pushed to the wall, and classes were sparsely attended by Freshmen and Sophomores, who sat up all night in trees, or made midnight ascensions to the ceiling of the Refectory. Nineteen-Nineteen is inordinately proud of the fact that all the Classes, including 'Twenty, were obliged to eat a meal under 'Nineteen's banner. Also 'Nineteen gained a considerable pleasure from the fact that the Freshmen, thru fear and uncertainty, left the dining-room one night en masse, and missed "ice cream for dessert." There was considerable loss of temper and of hair resulting from a wholly original kind of "Dog Show." After several bloody engagements, Nineteen-Nineteen asserted her right for fair play in a heated withdrawal from "College Club." The "powers that be," fearing that violent deaths, and certainly some D's, would result from such civil strife, brought about a

cessation of hostilities, and 'Nineteen and 'Twenty found they had some "reconstruction work" to do.

In the spring, Nineteen-Nineteen, accompanied by Nineteen-Seventeen, planted ivy, and sang, "Cheer the College Lion" in honor of her mascot, whom Miss Benedict dignified by the name of "Phoebus." In June, Nineteen-Nineteen sadly watched the Seniors graduate, and wondered if she could be as helpful a sister Class to 'Twenty-One.

In the fall of Nineteen-Seventeen, her Junior year, 'Nineteen came back to Sweet Briar with the realization that her work was half done, and a feeling of wonder as to how all the rest of her education could be crowded into two years. She set to work heroically, and oft indulged her new-gained privilege of "sitting up after lights." She was sadly set back and discouraged thruout the year by the capricious attacks of one Miss Smith, who taught "E-conomics." After many trials and tribulations, including Delia May's desertion on the plea of matrimony, Nineteen-Nineteen produced her Annual, which she dedicated to the Walkers, in token of her appreciation of their friendship for the College.

This last year, Nineteen-Nineteen, finding herself a Senior, and much in the public, deemed it necessary to modify her behavior a little, to suit the commands of convention, which expects one of her position to be sedate and dignified, and above all wise and studious. It was not until Founders' Day, in November, when Nineteen-Nineteen first appeared in cap and gown, that she fully realized how much was expected of her. Thereafter, she conducted herself accordingly, and accepted as her due the little favors and courtesies which the Freshmen were obliged to show her. One afternoon, she entertained at tea in the Senior study, decorated for the occasion, Congressman Chandler, of New York. Miss McVea's dinner to the Seniors, in S. B. house, was a gala occasion, on which the more illustrious members of the Class toasted spirits in general, and the spirits of Sweet Briar and of Nineteen-Nineteen in particular. After mid-year's were passed, Nineteen-Nineteen settled herself for the final dash for the goal. There were so many things to be done, and after June so many new problems to face and new decisions to make. But Nineteen-Nineteen kept her head up and face forward, with high ideals and anticipations for the future.

JUNIORS



JUNIOR CLASS



COLORS: Amethyst and Gold

+

FLOWER: Clematis

+

MOTTO: *Factum non Verbum*



OFFICERS

IDA MASSIE*President*
HELEN JOHNSTON*Vice-President*
GWENDOLYN BARRET*Secretary*
ISABEL WEBB*Treasurer*

CLASS ROLL

KATHERINE ARMSTRONG	HELENE HARPER	FRANCES RAIFF
GERALDINE BALL	MARGARET HIGH	MAYNETTE ROZELLE
GWENDOLYN BARRET	MARIANNA HOWER	LEE SCHURMAN
HELEN BEESON	RUTH HULBURD	FRANCES SIMPSON
HELEN BISHOP	HELEN JOHNSTON	HELEN SMITH
MARY VIRGINIA CRABBS	CORINNE LONEY	MARGARET TURNER
MATTIE HAMMOND	IDA MASSIE	ISABEL WEBB
NANCY HANNA	ELMYRA PENNYPACKER	MARIE WIENER

+ + +

HONORARY MEMBER

MISS E. W. McVEA

KATHERINE ARMSTRONG

There is a young lady named Arm-
strong,
Who never did anything real wrong,
But no one e'er knew
Just what she might do—
This quiet young lady named Arm-
strong.



GERALDINE BALL

There is a fair Junior named Ball,
Who is most exceedingly small;
But to her we would turn
If ourselves we should burn—
This fairest young Junior, named
Ball.





GWENDOLYN BARRETT

There is a young lady named Gwen,
Who makes fudge whenever she ken;
We eat it with glee,
And go broke, as you see,
Because of this lady named Gwen.



HELEN BEESON

Beeson is that good old friend—
To write her up we did intend;
But how to do it, we don't know,
Because we love our Beeson so.

HELEN BISHOP

There is a young lady named Bish—
Some friend of hers knew her as Pish ;
She could do the cakewalk,
But at studies did balk,
So she left us, this lady named Bish.



MARY VIRGINIA CRABBS

M. V. is our business man,
And trots to town whene'er she can ;
She makes out bills, and Annuals, too,
And that ain't all that girl can do.





MATTIE HAMMOND

There is a young lady named Mat,
Who all day in the Library sat,
Her brain she did churn,
Her lessons to learn—
That tireless young lady named Mat.



NANCY HANNA

There was a young lady named Nancy
To write her 'tis easy, you fancy—
Athletic, poetic, a math. shark, be-
sides,
Many and varied the hobbies she
rides;
She's a nuisance, this lady named
Nancy.

HELENE HARPER

There was a young girl named
Helene;
No misdeeds from her past could we
glean—
She's exceedingly bright,
And we think she's all right—
That extremely nice girl named
Helene.



MARGARET HIGH

There is a young lady named High,
Whose motto is "do it or die";
When confronted with tests,
She just smiles at the pests—
That unconquerable lady named High.





MARIANNA HOWER

There was a young lady named Hower,
Who had to shun each April shower,
For the curl in her hair
Would no longer be there—
'T would embarrass the young lady
Hower.



RUTH HULBURD

Our Ruthie, she lives in a suite,
Which her friends all agree is quite
neat,
But a caller one day
Said that suite, sad to say,
Was of noise and debauchery seat.

HELEN JOHNSTON

Oh, Helen is our Queen of May.
Of Current Events she's boss;
Next year she'll run the S. G. A.
(Let's hope she'll not be cross.)



CORINNE LONEY

There's a classmate of ours, she is
called Corinne Speck
Who's a very good friend of us all;
Y. W. Chocolate she sells by the peck,
And she rules over dear Carson Hall.





IDA MASSIE

There is a young lady named Ider,
No one else will we put up beside her;
Nineteen-Twenty she guides;
O'er our Class she presides—
This charming young lady named
Ider.



ELMYRA PENNYPACKER

There was a young lady named Pack-
er,
Who boasted that nothing could hack
her;
But mention M. I.,
Just see how she'll fly—
This blushing young lady named
Packer.

FRANCES RAIFF

There was a young lady named Raiff;
Tho at studies she may seem to chafe,
Just give her a start
At a great work of art,
And she'll beat 'em all, will this girl
Raiff.



MAYNETTE ROZELLE

Maynette, she's our chiefest Ed.;
She rules the staff with a level head;
But her greatest talent she does display
In chastising the boys of the U. V-A.





LEE O. SHURMAN

We have a bright classmate named
Lee,
Whom we're always delighted to see;
But each week-end or so
On a trip does she go,
So we don't see enough of our Lee.



MARGARET TURNER

There is a young lady named Turner,
Whose mind is so bright that 'twill
burn her;
She rides horseback each day,
In an excellent way—
That accomplished young lady, named
Turner.

ISABEL WEBB

There is a young lady named Izzy,
Who works up in the lab. till she's
mizzy;

The things that she does,
As around she does buzz,
Would make any other girl dizzy.



MARIE WIENER

There was a young lady named Wiener
er

Who looked (every time that we've
seen her)

As neat as a pin,

With an unfailing grin—

This appealing young lady, named
Wiener.





DOROTHY WALLACE

Miss Wallace is our Chem. profess.;
Up in her lab. she loves to mess;
Of her the Freshies stand in awe,
For in the lab. her word is law.

FRANCES SIMPSON

Frances is a good old scout,
As everyone agrees;
She may not make a noise or shout,
But she never fails to please.




ANTOINETTE MALET

There's a lady who's called Antoinette;
She's a winner, we'd stake our last bet;
She is free from all guile,
As we see from her smile —
This good classmate of ours, Antoinette.

CLASS HISTORY OF NINETEEN-TWENTY

(With all due apologies to Edgar Allen Poe)

 NCE upon an evening dreary, while I pondered weak and weary
Over many a dry and tedious line of Latin lore;
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As some Sophomore sternly rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
" 'Tis some devilment," I muttered, "centered 'round my chamber door;
Classes fighting—all is gore."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December
That each separate Freshman member packed her trunk upon the floor;
Eagerly we sought the station, longing for the long vacation;
On the puffing train rushed smiling; fifty Freshmen all beguiling,
Trains were late, and sleepers cold; but quoth each girl at destination,
"Home again once more."

After days of endless eating, while we danced, our hearts fast beating,
Came we back to days of groaning, groaning for exams. to come;
Soon we cursed our days of playing, soon we ceased our wild delaying,
Then we boned on French and history—subjects fraught with deepest
mystery;

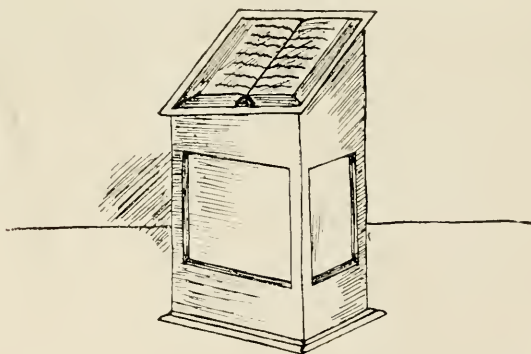
D's were present everywhere, sobs and moanings filled the air.

Quoth the Freshman, "Nevermore."

As Sophomores we grew less dense, each one tried to show her sense;
Kempie put us thru our tricks, putting things in some big fix;
Each day we were getting bolder, chilly glance made Freshie colder,
Seniors acted as big sisters, showing us a thing or two;
As the springtime days were flitting, we were on the campus sitting.
Quoth we Sophomores, "Half is o'er."

As to Junior state we rose, we aided Freshmen in their woes,
While the Sophomores wildly shrieked, trying to reach Freshmen weak.
Stood we there with hands of power, on those Sophomores stern did glower:
"We will make some rules deciding, Freshmen must be law-abiding—
Only this, and nothing more."

Now we stand, true and agreeing, honored and respected beings,
Look we back on deeds now done, look we on to deeds ahead;
Anxious are we to be driving to that goal where we are striving;
As our days so fast are fleeting, as new duties we are meeting,
As we look to days as Seniors, with those dignified demeanors,
Quoth we Juniors, "One year more."



SOPHOMORES





FLORENCE IVES
President



MISS SIMRALL
Advisory Member



CLASS OF NINETEEN TWENTY-ONE

SOPHOMORE CLASS

COLORS: Peacock Blue and Green

CLASS BIRD: Peacock

MOTTO: *Virtus non Honores*

+

OFFICERS

FLORENCE IVES	<i>President</i>
JULIA BRUNER	<i>Vice-President</i>
FANNY ELLSWORTH	<i>Secretary</i>
MARY TAYLOR	<i>Treasurer</i>

+

CLASS ROLL

MAJORIE ABRAHAM	FANNY ELLSWORTH	GERTRUDE PAULEY
EMMA ADAMS	ISABELLE FRANK	KATHERINE PENNEWILL
JOSEPHINE AHARA	RUTH GEER	SHELLEY ROUSE
JULIA ALBERS	ISABEL GODWIN	SIGRID SCHOLD
RHODA ALLEN	ELEANOR GOULD	FLORENCE SCOVELL
GERTRUDE ANDERSON	CATHERINE HANITCH	MARION SHAFER
RUTH ARMISTEAD	FREDERICKA HACKMAN	MADELON SHIDLER
MADELINE BIGGER	FRANCES HELMICK	ELIZABETH SHOOP
RUSSE BLANKS	KATHERINE HAUCH	OPHELIA SHORT
GENEVIEVE BROSIUS	FLORENCE IVES	RUTH SIMPSON
JULIA BRUNER	DOROTHY JOB	MARGARET SPENGLER
ELIZABETH COLE	LUCILLE JOHNSON	MARY STINSON
MARY COWAN	RUTH LUNDHOLM	CLAIR TAYLOR
CATHERINE CORDES	MARY MCLEMORE	KATHERINE TAYLOR
EMMA DAVIS	MARY BELLE McNALLY	MARY TAYLOR
KATHERINE DAVIS	OLIVE MITCHELL	MIRIAM THOMPSON
EDITH DURRELL	HALLE MOORE	SARA TOLAR
MILDRED ELLIS	MARION NORTH	HARRIET WHITE
ETHEL WILSON	ELLEN WOLF	

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Honorary Member

MISS LEONORA NEUFFER

Class Adviser

MISS JOSEPHINE P. SIMRALL

PERSONAL CORRESPONDENCE

OF PRIVATE SOPHOMORE
COMPANY 1921
CAMP SWEET BRIAR

DERE MABLE:

I take my pen in hand to tell you what do you think we done now. Well, you know, last year we was in the infantry, and Mable, we was fine in all our skirmishes. We was particularly good in that game where you wave your arms around and the other feller tries to throw the ball into an iron hoop with a new petticoat on it. And I guess, maybe, we didn't get all the prizes in that there field day and the aquatic stuff on the pond. One of the Red Cross guys in our company walked off with two tennis cups. Athletic; that's us all over, Mable.

But that's all ancient history now, Mable. Our general, Miss McVea, she says, "You guys is too good for the infantry"; so now we're making a big splash in artillery circles. Of course, we've got a new officer now—Major Ives. She's very tecknickle, Mable—Y. W., Student Government, and everything. We got a lot of other big bugs in our company, too. Corporal Wilson of the Hockey Division, and Corporal Wolf of the Basketball Section ain't the least of 'em. You ought to see the little feller we have that runs all the shows at camp, Captain Taylor, head of "Paint and Patches" staff. When we first got down here, Mable, we had to do scout duty, and then act as Court Marshal for the 1922 Infantry. But paper's too expensive to waste writing about that bunch. Ekonomical; that's us all over, Mable. Then, Mable, we threw a swell blowout for that high-flying 1919 company—that's going to leave camp for good in June. The mess sergints done us noble, and the dress uniforms were gorgeous. Later they gave us a swell party back, at the general's barracks.

We ain't had many furlos, Mable—what with all the different kind of "flew's" we've been having. But our Y. W. guys were awful brave, hustling mess on trays over to them hospital quarters. Sympathetic; that's us all over, Mable.

Well, I could tell you a lot more of what we've done, but I got to quit now and post guard. At the same time, I'll post this letter to you. As a feller rises in the army, he gets less and less time to hisself. I don't expect to get my discharge from here till 1921.

Yours till then

SOPH

FRESHMEN



The Classes



STELLA GWYNN
President



MISS MURPHY
Honorary Member



CLASS OF NINETEEN TWENTY-TWO

FRESHMAN CLASS

COLORS: Black and Green

FLOWER: Honeysuckle

TREE: The Old Oak

MOTTO: *Ne Obliviscamur*

+

OFFICERS

STELLA GWYNN	<i>President</i>
SELMA BRANDT	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARGARET ZABRISKIE	<i>Secretary</i>
RUTH FISKE	<i>Treasurer</i>

+

CLASS ROLL

GERTRUDE ABRAHAM	RUTH COMER	HARRIET GATEWOOD
CHARLOTTE ANDERSON	GERTRUDE DALLY	PINKNEY GOFFIGAN
HELEN ANDERSON	DOROTHY DANGERFIELD	ELEANOR GUTHRIE
BETTY BARR	EULA DAY	MARY GWINN
JOSEPHINE BELL	BURD DICKSON	STELLA GWYNN
JULIA BENNER	GABRIELLE DONNALLY	MARY JULIA HACKMAN
MARJORIE BERGEN	JANE DUNLAP	RUTH HAGLER
EDITH BODLEY	ALICE EARLEY	ELIZABETH HAMPTON
LORRAINE BOWLES	ELIZABETH ELKINS	LOIETTE HAMPTON
VIRGINIA BOX	TRESSA EMERSON	CAROLYN HAUSEN
SELMA BRANDT	LOUISE EVANS	KATHERINE HARTT
VIRGINIA BROWN	RUTH FISKE	MARGARET HASKINS
JEAN BUMGARNER	ELEANOR FLOURNOY	ELIZABETH HAY
ELIZABETH CANADY	MARY ELIZABETH FOHL	JOSEPHINE HEREFORD
MARGARETTA CARPER	FLORENCE FOSTER	GEORGIA HICKS
ANNE CARROLL	SARA FOWLER	ESTHER HILL
STEWART CASE	JUANITA FULLER	LEAH HINES
CONSTANCE COLLES	MARGARET GARRY	HELEN HODGSKIN

The Classes

RUTH HODGSON	RUTH McMILLAN	ADELAIDE RENDLEMAN
JULIETTE HOFMAYER	LILLIE MADDOX	LAURA ROBERTS
JEANETTE HONSAKER	HELEN MANNING	VIRGINIA ROSS
AGNES HOOD	FRANCES MARSH	ELIZABETH SCHNORBACH
MARGARET JAMES	MARGARET MARSTON	KATHERINE SHENEHON
MORRELL JONES	FAITH MENGEL	LILLIAS SHEPHERD
FRANCES JORDAN	MARGARET MINK	HELEN SHURTLEFF
HILDEGARD JUNG	MARGARET MIERKE	RUTH SLATER
JOSEPHINE KELLY	ALICE MILLER	ANITA SLOSS
JEANETTE KIDD	MARJORIE MILLIGAN	AMEY SMYTH
MARY KLUMPH	KATHERINE MINOR	JEANETTE STOFFREGEN
MABLE LAZARUS	LUCILE MONTGOMERY	NINA STONE
MARY LA BOITEAUX	EMILY MOON	ISABELLE STROTHER
MARY LEE	SADIE MORRIS	GRIZZELLE THOMSON
HELEN LEGGETT	ELIZABETH MURRAY	EVELYN TOUSLEY
VIRGINIA LITTLE	MAYLEN NEWBY	ADA TYLER
MINNIE LONG	ELIZABETH NEWSOM	LENORA UPTON
CATHERINE McCANN	BEULAH NORRIS	MARION WALKER
ISABELLE McCANN	CLARITA NORRIS	MARY WALKUP
MILDRED McCARROLL	ELIZABETH PICKETT	EDITH WAY
ETHEL McCLAIN	EVELYN PLUMMER	GERTRUDE WHITMORE
SARAH McFALL	VIRGINIA RANSON	MARY WILSON
MARY McCORMICK	TORRANCE REDD	FLORENCE WOELFEL
HATHAWAY WRIGHT	MARGARET ZABRISKIE	

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Honorary Member and Class Adviser

MISS ANNA BLANCHE MURPHY

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

WHEN college opened, on the nineteenth of September, everyone was appalled by the size of the Freshman Class. Old students felt lost, almost as much as did the new girls themselves, in the mighty horde of strange faces. To add to the natural unsteadiness of the season, influenza began its campaign before we were fairly settled in our new surroundings. The Y. W. reception, occurring opportunely, helped to keep us on our feet, and created a spirit of fellowship among the newcomers. The first few weeks were spent in discovering Sweet Briar, in making new friends, and in trying to escape "the blues." Everything was unfamiliar, and the work appeared hard, as indeed it was under the circumstances. Soon we grew more accustomed to the new order of things, and the Freshman spirit stirred in its sleep. Then came the first excitement of the year—a meeting of our Class was held, which ended in a civil war with the Sophomores. The result was a forced peace by the Faculty and upper-classmen, a real Freshman Class, ready for organization, and certain rules prepared for us to live by, with a special uniform to be worn during the early part of the day. A few erring members of the Class were punished later on, for their open defiance or unconscious violation of these rules.

Thruout the year, the Juniors, the members of our sister Class, were our allies, advising and helping us in all our undertakings. They aided us in the choosing of our Class officers, who were: Stella Gwynn, *President*; Selma Brandt, *Vice-President*; Margaret Zabriskie, *Secretary*; Ruth Fiske, *Treasurer*; Amey Smyth, *Member of the Honor Council*. Miss Anna Blanche Murphy was elected Honorary Member of our Class. The graduating class of nineteen-eighteen bequeathed to us their college insignia, namely: Our colors, black and green; our tree, the oak; and our motto, *Ne obliviscamur*.

On Founder's Day, the Seniors first wore their academic attire in the full gaze of man. Perhaps the Freshmen were not as impressed as they should have been; but give them time. When they are Seniors, the dignity of their position will come upon them, and they will realize what every Class realizes at that point in its life, and will act accordingly.

The signing of the armistice was, of course, the chief event of the year, tho the rumor of peace caused more excitement than the verified facts, subsequently learned. Then came the much-dreaded six-weeks' tests,

in which many were defeated. Some fell only to rise again, however; and our luster was undimmed. We lost a few comrades during the Christmas holidays, and their places were filled by others, more desirous of knowledge than they. Examinations were met and overcome—not without tremors, but with courage worthy of a Freshman Class; and the new semester opened under favorable auspices.

We have proven ourselves, in athletics, worthy foemen of any Class. We are making good in other ways, in social and in academic work. Ours is a record to be proud of; let us not go back on the reputation gained by us this year, and better it as we progress toward our goal. Tho not perfect, yet we have a fine Class, and the material for a very wonderful one. Let us show the world what we are capable of! On, Class of 'Twenty-Two, carry the black and green to the topmost heights of achievement!

A. SMYTH, '22



SUB-FRESHMEN





DOROTHY NICKLSON
President



MISS THATCHER
Honorary Member



CLASS OF NINETEEN TWENTY-THREE

SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS

COLORS: Purple and Lavender

FLOWER: Violet

MOTTO: "Live and Learn"

+

OFFICERS

DOROTHY NICKLSON	<i>President</i>
STANLEY MILLER	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARGARET WISE	<i>Treasurer</i>
HANNAH KEITH	<i>Secretary</i>

+

ROLL

MARY ALLEN	MILDRED FOWLER	KATE ROBERTS
LOUISE AYCOCK	KATHERINE GRIFFITH	EDITH REAMS
JOSEPHINE BECHTEL	ANNETTE HARBER	LARUE ROBERTSON
MINNIE BELL	ELLA CRAWFORD HEATH	MAYBEL ROWLANDS
KITTY BIRDSEY	CURTIS HENDERSON	AGNES SCRIVENOR
JEAN BLAIR	PEGGY KEEFER	VIRGINIA SPROULL
EUNICE BRANCH	ANNE KEITH	ELIZABETH TYLER
LYDIA BURGE	HANNAH KEITH	FRITZIE VIRDEN
KATHERINE COOKE	MARY KING	LILY WALLACE
KATHERINE COPELAND	ELIZABETH MILLS	EVELYN WESTCOTT
RUTH CRAWFORD	STANLEY MILLER	MARGARET WISE
ISABELLE DEMMING	MARY MILNE	CATHERINE WRIGHT
SADIE EVANS	ELIZABETH MCKELLER	DOROTHY YATES
	DOROTHY NICKLSON	

STATISTICS OF SUB-FRESHMEN

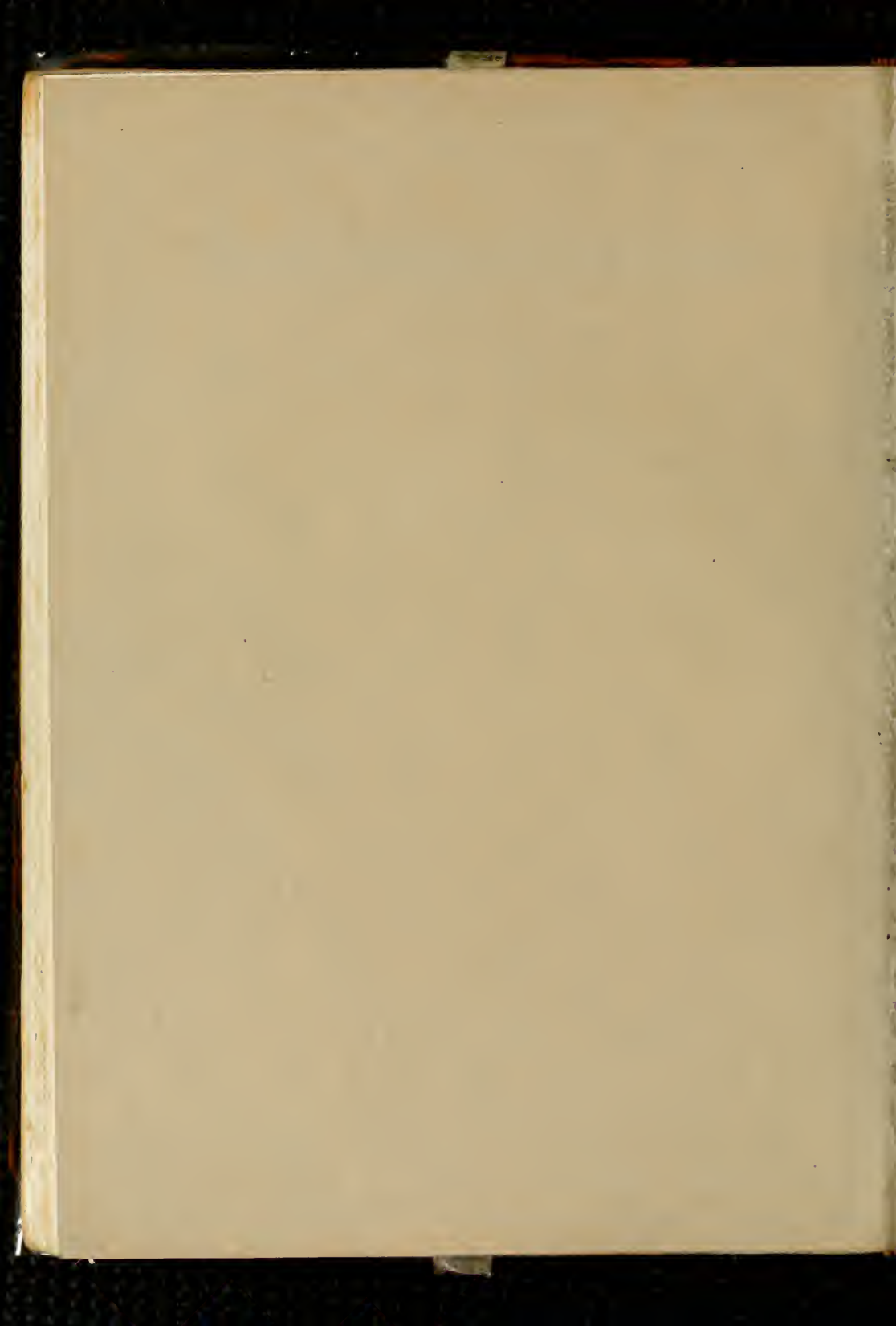
First

Second

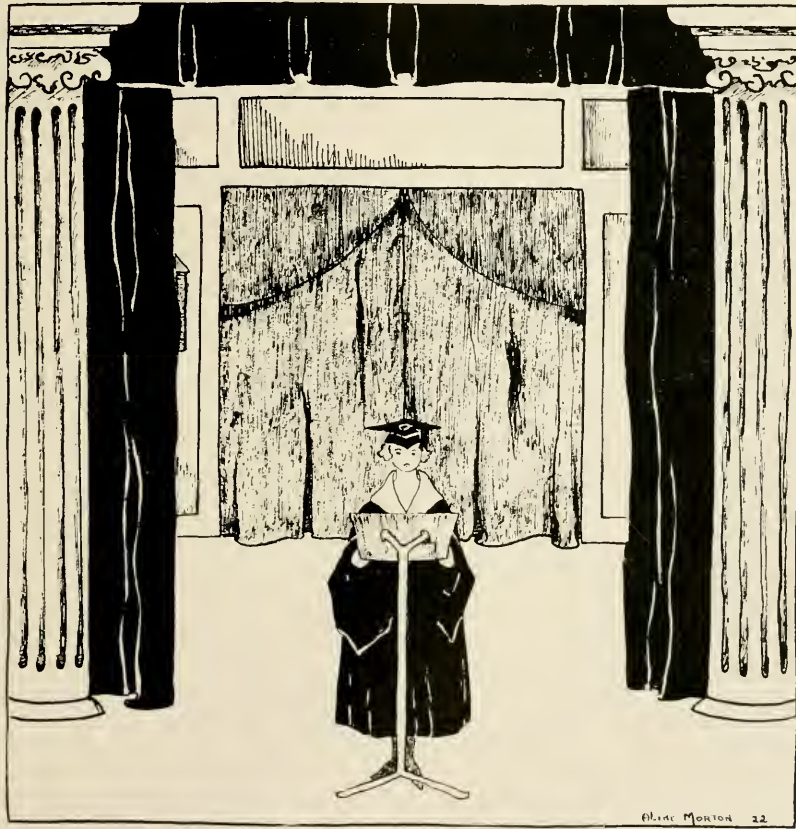
<i>Prettiest</i>	KATHERINE GRIFFITH	DOROTHY NICKLSON
<i>Most popular</i>	MARGARET WISE	HANNAH KEITH
<i>Most attractive</i>	MILDRED FOWLER	VIRDEN-EVANS (Tie)
<i>Funniest</i>	HAPPY COOKE	MAYBEL ROWLANDS
<i>Best dancer</i>	VIRGINIA SPROULL	KITTY BIRDSEY
<i>Laziest</i>	SADIE EVANS	ELIZABETH TYLER
<i>Most rampish</i>	SADIE EVANS.....	KEEFER, FOWLER, VIRDEN (Tie)
<i>Most athletic</i>	ISABEL DEMMING	LILY WALLACE
<i>Best disposition</i>	MARGARET WISE	LILY WALLACE
<i>Most stylish</i>	ELIZABETH TYLER	ELWYN WESTCOTT
<i>Best all-around girl</i>	HANNAH KEITH	MARGARET WISE
<i>Most capable</i>	STANLEY MILLER	HANNAH KEITH
<i>Best bluffer</i>	FRITZIE VIRDEN	STANLEY MILLER
<i>Most studious</i>	JEAN BLAIR	ELLA HEATH



BOOK III
Organizations



S-G-A



ALINE MORTON 22

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60

FLORENCE IVES *Treasurer*

SARAH FOWLER.....*House-President of Grammar*

AMEY SMYTH

S. G. A.



OFFICERS OF STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

ISABEL WOOD
ISABEL LUKE

President
Secretary

DOROTHY WALLACE
FLORENCE IVES

Vice-President
Treasurer

House Presidents



i



i

CAROLINE SHARPE
RHODA ALLEN

CORINNE TONEY
IDA MASSIE

CATHARINE TOWNE
SARAH FOWLER

STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

OUR Student Government Association must take its stand this year in the enlarging process taking place thruout the institutions of the world. An Englishman has said, "Bigger and better is the keynote of American temperament." American colleges must hold that note, and make it sound true. Today we have the right to say of our organization at Sweet Briar:

"Man, are we grown. . . ."

We are glad of our heritage. But there is a consequent duty involved in it:

"Man's work must we do. . . ."

Let us be glad also of the duty implied in that privilege. So far we have purposed to cast the burden of responsible judgment and decision upon the individual, rather than upon executive officers who exemplify methods, not aims. We have believed there is "honor and dignity" in self-control attained thru such an exercise of the faculties. Finally, we have endeavored to realize our capacities and powers because of their social value. Now we must venture even farther. We must learn to count all our power, strength of mind, body, and soul directly with larger usefulness for country, and the higher ideals of life. The sense of personal achievement must be lost in the "nobility of a great national and world conception" of service. Every individual must define intelligently his part before the whole of our organization can measure up to the fullness of the demand. There is a vagueness in the program of idealism for the new world, it is true; and yet there persists in the heart of every American the definite longing for something "bigger and better." We must see its satisfaction, to the greater extension of happiness thru the utilization of our opportunities in training here. For just in proportion as the thought and action of our student-body tends in this direction, will we find encouragement for

the progress of our Association. Let us not belittle our task, but face it as a man's size work, and undertake it with courage, buoyancy, and devotion.

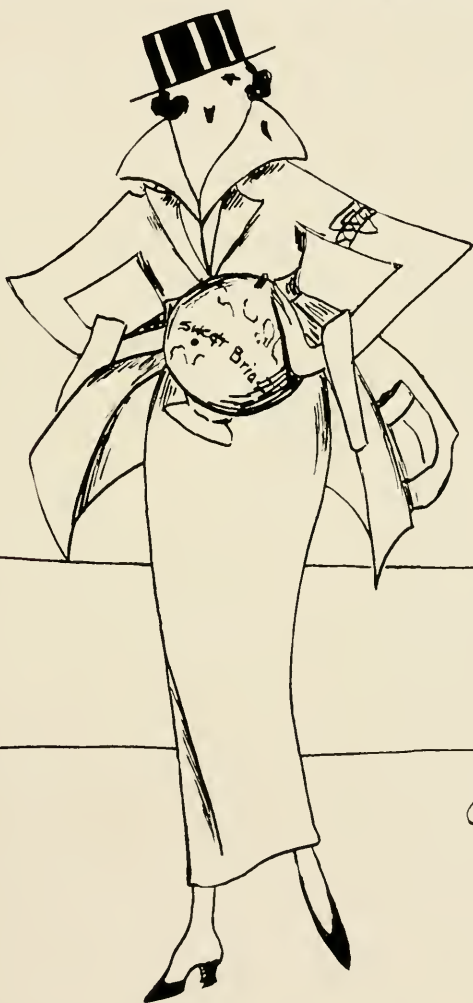
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CHANGES IN THE CONSTITUTION

We are glad to note that, under present ruling, chafing dishes may be used during any time until 10.30 p. m., and also that students may use flashlights for any purpose after lights. Saturday morning quiet hour will be abolished, as an experiment, for the remainder of the year.



YWCA



YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

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OFFICERS

DOROTHY NEAL	<i>President</i>
ELMYRA PENNYPACKER	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARION SHAFER	<i>Secretary</i>
ROSANNE GILMORE	<i>Treasurer</i>

+

CABINET

ELMYRA PENNYPACKER	Membership
ROSANNE GILMORE	Finance
MARY VIRGINIA CRABBS	Social Service
ELIZABETH EGGLESTON	Extension
FLORENCE IVES	Voluntary Study
CAROLINE SHARPE	Meetings
FANNIE ELLSWORTH	Publicity
GERTRUDE PAULEY	Social

+

ADVISORY BOARD

DR. THOMAS D. LEWIS	MISS J. P. SIMRALL
MRS. H. P. WORTHINGTON	MISS CAROLYN SPARROW
MISS ANNA S. THATCHER	MRS. WILLIAM DEW

+ + +

On the resignation of Dorothy Neal, Carolyn Sharpe became president for the remainder of the year; and Selma Brandt became chairman of the Meetings Committee.

Y. W. C. A.



OFFICERS

DOROTHY NEAL
MARION SHAFFER

President
Secretary

ELMYRA PENNYPACKER
ROSANNE GILMORE

Vice-President
Treasurer

Y.W.C.A. Cabinet



ELIZABETH EGGLESTON
GERTRUDE PAULY

FLORENCE IVES
FANNIE ELLSWORTH

MARY VIRGINIA CRABBS
CAROLINE SHARP

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

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COMMITTEES AND WORK OF THE ASSOCIATION

+

Membership

ELYMRA PENNYPACKER ELIZABETH ELKINS
ELLEN WOLF ALICE EARLEY

Enrolls members of Association, and keeps file recording statistics concerning them.

LOUISE HAMMOND.....*Conferences and Conventions*

+

Finance

ROSANNE GILMORE

CORINNE LONEY.....*Ways and Means*
ELIZABETH HODGE*Budget*
ROSANNE GILMORE*War Fund*

+

Publicity

FANNY ELLSWORTH

JOSEPHINE CATCHINGS EDITH DURRELL
MARIE WIENER.....*Y. W. C. A. Room*

+

Social

GERTRUDE PAULEY

Opening Reception for New Girls

DOROTHY JOB*Infirmary*
STANLEY MILLER*Musical Comedy*
VIRGINIA LITTLE*Monthly Birthday Parties*

Social Service

MARY VIRGINIA CRABBS

IDA MASSIE (First and Second Semester)	} <i>Sunday Evening Meetings:</i>
ISABEL WOOD (Second Semester)	
DOROTHY NEAL (First Semester)	
MARY TAYLOR	<i>for Waitresses</i>
MARY VIRGINIA CRABBS	<i>Sitting-Room for Waitresses</i>
	<i>Head of Sunday School</i>

+

Extension

ELIZABETH EGGLESTON

STELLA GWYNN	<i>Poorhouse Work</i>
FRANCIS JORDAN	<i>Bear Mountain Mission (Indian Mission)</i>
EMMA ADAMS	<i>Poor Committee</i>

+

Voluntary Study Classes

FLORENCE IVES

+

Meetings

CAROLINE SHARPE (First Semester)

SELMA BRANDT (Second Semester)

HENRIETTA ANDERSON	<i>Music</i>
NANCY HANNA	<i>Posters</i>
SHELLEY ROUSE	<i>Entertainment</i>

+

Students' Handbook

DOROTHY NEAL	<i>Editor</i>
ELIZABETH HODGE)	<i>Business Managers</i>
EDITH DURRELL)	

THE CONFERENCE AT BLUE RIDGE



HAT! Do you mean to say you've never even heard of Blue Ridge? Where have you been all this time? I thought everybody in Sweet Briar had heard of our trip last year. There were six of us, and we had the best kind of a time. What did we do? Why, everything imaginable. You see the Conference for the student delegates of the Young Women's Christian Association is held at Blue Ridge, N. C., every summer, just after college closes. It lasts ten days, and every minute is filled. Last year, there were over six hundred girls there, and the place was packed to overflowing. Where do we stay, did you say? At Robert E. Lee Hall, a huge building in the midst of the mountains. The views on all sides are simply wonderful, and there is a lake near the buildings where you can swim every afternoon. Yes, there are wonderful people there. The men and women who lead the meetings are splendid, and you feel as tho you are all members of one big family, vitally interested in all that is going on.

In the morning you go to classes that are so interesting that you hate the hours to go so fast. In the afternoon, you can walk, play tennis, basket-ball, or baseball, and swim. In the evening, the whole Conference collects in the auditorium for a most impressive service. After that, your own delegation collects to talk things over.

Oh, I almost forget to tell you about mealtime. Meals are served in a one-story building of rough timbers. The delegations sit at long tables, and compare notes. Sometimes the girls sing their college songs, and serenade other colleges. Everybody just seems to burst with pep. You've never met Miss Hawes, have you? She is really the life of the dining-room, and kept us in gales of laughter when she made the announcements.

By the end of the ten days, you hate to leave, and your one idea is to get back for the next year's Conference.

You think you'll go? That's fine. Maybe we can manage to room together.

UNITED DRIVE FOR 1918-'19



IMPOSSIBLE? Nothing is impossible!" Mr. Chamberlain's ringing challenge, on November 12, the last evening of the campaign, was assuredly the keynote of this campaign, and certainly of any other campaign in Sweet Briar of the future. It is the challenge of unlimited faith in the possibilities of our College, and of ourselves as members of that College. True indeed is the perfect definition, "Faith is assurance of things hoped for, a conviction of things not seen."

The enthusiastic promotion committee of thirty-five members, with special departments of finance, publicity, ways and means, did everything that could reasonably be done to make the campus alive to the realities back of the nation-wide campaign of the seven allied organizations. An attractive, up-to-the-minute bulletin board, and an overwhelming, compelling deluge of campaign speakers put a real finish on the education of the general college public. Everyone was ready to give to the point of sacrifice. The boys in khaki had gone "Over the top" to a glorious victory for us; it was our part to stand behind them every minute until the transports brought them to us again.

Ten thousand dollars and more was our glad gift to them. Sweet Briar is welcoming them as they return. Her welcome is sincere, straightforward. In so far as it lay in her strength to do, she did for "those who went forth greatly."





PAINT AND PATCHES

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OFFICERS

KATHERINE TAYLOR *President*

KATHERINE BLOCK *Vice-President*

STANLEY MILLER *Secretary and Treasurer*

+

Faculty Advisor

MISS JOSEPHINE SIMRALL

+ + +



MILITARY TERMS

Dramatics



KATHERINE BLOCK
Vice-President

KATHERINE TAYLOR
President

STANLEY MILLER
Secretary and Treasurer

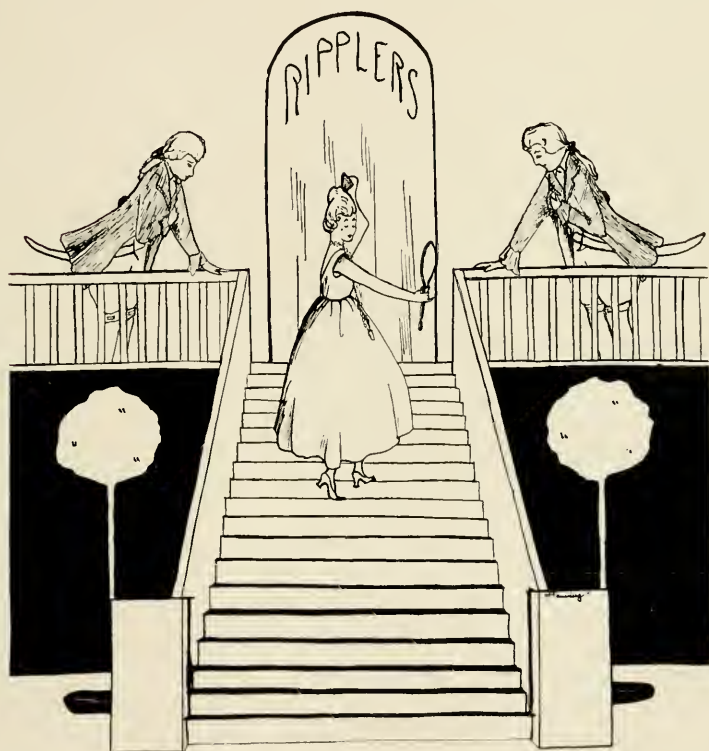
DRAMATICS



THE dramatic season at Sweet Briar, like everything else this year was forced to open late on account of the influenza epidemic. However, the first play, William Gillette's "Secret Service," given by the old members of "Paint and Patches," quite made up for its tardiness by its excellence. This type of play has never before been attempted here, and its success is an indication that the Dramatic Association has progressed to the point where it can lay aside trivial performances, and attempt something more worth while.

"Secret Service" was extremely well cast, and the utmost efforts were put forth by everyone connected with the cast to make the performance a credit to Dramatics. The emotional and highly dramatic elements of the play were made the most of by the splendid acting of Mary Jones Nixon and Marjorie Abrahams, while Rhoda Allen and Mildred Ellis starred in the comedy parts. Stanley Miller and Mildred Thompson deserve much credit for their clever work as the negro servants. The actors were greatly aided by the scenic effects, which made the play intensely thrilling and realistic to a most enthusiastic audience.





RIPPLER CHAPTER



RIPPLER CHAPTER

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OFFICERS

MARY JONES NIXON *President*
MARJORIE ABRAHAM *Secretary and Treasurer*

+

MEMBERS

MARJORIE ABRAHAM
JOSEPHINE BELL
KATHERINE BLOCK
SELMA BRANDT
CATHERINE CORDES
BURD DICKSON
ALICE EARLEY
ELIZABETH EGGLESTON

FANNY ELLSWORTH
ELEANOR FLOURNOY
ROSANNE GILMORE
MARY JULIA HACKMAN
LOUISE HAMMOND
FLORENCE IVES
ISABEL LUKE
MARGARET MIERKE

MARY JONES NIXON
JOSEPHINE PAYNE
ELIZABETH SHOOP
FRANCES SIMPSON
CLAIRE TAYLOR
KATHERINE TAYLOR
MIRIAM THOMPSON
ADA TYLER



MERRY JESTER CHAPTER



MERRY JESTER CHAPTER

+

OFFICERS

MILDRED THOMPSON *President*
 RHODA ALLEN *Secretary and Treasurer*


+

MEMBERS

JOSEPHINE AHARA	SADIE EVANS	DOROTHY NEAL
RHODA ALLEN	FLORENCE FREEMAN	MARION SHAFER
GWENDOLYN BARRETT	STELLA GWYNN	MADELINE SHUDLER
HELEN BEESON	FRANCES HELMICK	MILDRED THOMPSON
MARY LA BOITEAUX	FRANCES JORDAN	ISABEL VIRDEN
GENEVIEVE BROSIUS	MARY KLUMPH	MARION WALKER
MARY VIRGINIA CRABBS	FAITH MENGEL	GERTRUDE WHITEMORE
MILDRED ELLIS	STANLEY MILLER	ISABEL WOOD



THE FINAL PLAY

OTHING is more enchanting than Sweet Briar in the springtime, and nothing is more charming at Sweet Briar than "Daisy's Garden," with the glorious boxwoods, the apple trees, and the smoke-bush in the height of their glory. Add to the picture a full moon and a heaven full of stars, and you have before you the setting for the Final Play of Nineteen-Eighteen.

The very atmosphere was alive with romance, and the actors being imbued with the spirit of it all, the result was a highly successful production of Percy MacKaye's excellent comedy, "A Thousand Years Ago."

The play is a romance of the Orient, wherein is recited the adventures of Calaf, Prince of Astrakhan, and Turandot, the beautiful princess of Pekin.

Turandot has made her father swear that all royal suitors for her hand must answer three riddles put by her. To the one who answers correctly, she promises herself in marriage; but to those who answer wrong, death is the reward. Many young nobles thereby meet an untimely end, until Calaf, who is desperately in love with the princess, and who is the only man in the world she has ever loved, disguises himself as a beggar, and learns, thru the aid of some Maskers, the answers to all the riddles. After several exciting adventures, he of course, wins the princess, and they live happily ever after.

That which gave the desired color and comedy to the play was the appearance of five vagabond Maskers from Italy. Perhaps it seemed a bit out of keeping to find the Europeans dancing in the very heart of

China, but they were romantic outcasts, who "sought refuge in the distant Orient, an Orient to be considered in no sense as historic or realistic, but as purely fantastic."

Perhaps it was the fantasy which lent such distinctive charm to the play—fantasy, together with the magic, adventure, love, and comedy of the plot, all served to lure the audience away from material everyday things into a realm of romance.

The cast was as follows:

ASIATIC

Turandot, <i>Princess of Peking</i>	HILDEGARDE FLANNER
Altoun, <i>her father, Emperor</i>	MARY JONES NIXON
Zelima, <i>her slave</i>	MARJORIE ABRAHAM
Calaf, <i>Prince of Astrakhan</i>	VIRGINIA MILLER
Barak, <i>his servitor</i>	JEANNETTE MONROE

EUROPEAN

Scaramouche	Vagabond players from Italy	(OLIVIA KLINGILHOFFER
PunchinelloDOROTHY PRYOR
Pantaloon		(.....REBECCA MCGEORGE
Harlequin		
Capocomico, <i>their leader</i>		ERNESTINE SHAYLER
<i>Soldiers; tea bearers; court attendants</i>		
Stage director		LUCILE WARWICK

The performance was a most creditable one—not only to the actors, but also to the capable stage director, Lucile Warwick. The setting was ideal, and the costumes were quite gorgeous.

Special mention must be accorded to Hildegard Flanner, Ernestine Shayler, and Mary Jones Nixon, who interpreted their roles both intelligently and artistically, and who helped to make it seem more real that,

"Here in China, the world lie a-dream
Like a thousand years ago,
And the place of our dreams is eternal."



THE MUSICAL COMEDY

BLUFF, the third musical comedy of Sweet Briar, was given Saturday, March 1, 1919. Written by Fritzie Virden and Stanley Miller, directed by Florence Freeman and Stanley Miller, it was, from every point of view, a tremendous success. The performance never lagged for a moment. Nor was that much-dreaded amateur element present. In fact, the audience was more than pleased by the originality and charm of the production.

Lively popular songs and clever dances played a large part towards making the performance a success. Not only were the dances original, they were full of pep and vim. As for the songs, they made such a marked impression upon the audience that from then on, "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," "Typical Topical Tunes," and "Funny Little Somethings" have usurped the places of the heretofore unconquered "Smiles," "N'Everything." The stage setting, too, was attractive to all, and familiar to those who burn the midnight oil in the Senior parlor.

The individual characters were very well portrayed. Fritzie Virden made an enterprising and charming heroine, and Helen Beeson, as her fiance, delighted everyone by her clever and unaffected acting and her graceful dancing. When she and Russe Blanks danced the Galli Curci rag, the eyes of those in the audience fairly bulged with delight. Flo Freeman would have moved Mr. Gloom himself to laughter, to say nothing of her appreciative Sweet Briar friends. The work of the chorus certainly cannot pass by unmentioned, especially because of the individual attraction each member possessed.

The plot of the play was well worked out. It had just enough seriousness, mingled with all its lively humor, to give it a finished touch. The finished finale, with all the songs cleverly combined, brought to a close one of the most successful and popular entertainments of the year.



Organisations







RED CROSS

“THE tumult and the shouting dies.” The fighting on the battle field has ceased, and the men who filled the trenches are returning to their normal occupations. His work, as far as the war is concerned, is done. But the work of the Red Cross is not over; it must still carry on. In war time, it “did its bit”; in peace, it must take up a new line of work—reconstruction in the war-devastated countries, and home service in America.

In France and Belgium, there are many, many people who are relying solely upon the Red Cross. Not only for food are they dependent, but also for shelter and clothing. Home, garden, occupation—everything which the industrious Frenchman or Belgian had in those days before the war—is gone; and it is the work of the Red Cross to help them regain what they have lost.

We, here at Sweet Briar, have fallen short of our aims during the first semester. Adverse circumstances, here and at headquarters, kept us from carrying out the program we had planned. Our quota of sheets is now complete. For their help in this work, we thank the Sweet Briar Guild.

This ends our part in the war work of the Red Cross. Now we are ready to take up reconstruction. Our part in this work is to furnish clothing for the babies of devastated France and Belgium. The girls are most enthusiastic over our meetings, or "sewing bees." These come twice a week—Monday, in the Senior study, and Thursday, at Sweet Briar House—best of all—when Miss Simrall reads or tells us a story, or we just have a nice sociable time with an occasional cup of tea. We have other interesting times planned for the spring.

As the work of the Red Cross did not stop with the war, so it must not stop even when the need for it is past in France and Belgium. The other part of its post-war program is Home Service, and we have a wonderful plan to put thru along that direction next year.



PUBLICATIONS



THE SWEET BRIAR MAGAZINE

+

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CLAIRE TAYLOR *Business Manager*

Associate Editors

MAYNETTE ROZELLE

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NANCY HANNA *Editor of Joke Department*

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+

FACULTY EDITOR

MISS ANNA B. MURPHY




Front before the last victorious advance, which furnished a fine background for the coming peace discussions.

From the above enumeration of subjects, it might be supposed that the war has been the only thing treated. On the contrary, the scope of interest has been a great deal more extended, to cover topics of local interest as well as certain phases of literature.





ATHLETICS

ITH the beginning of the college year 1918-1919, the Sweet Briar Athletic Association adopted the so-called "Point System," which in the past few years has proven so successful in many universities and colleges. This did not necessitate changing the original constitution, as it is merely a change in the system of awards. According to this system, a definite number of points is given for each athletic activity in a major or minor sport, and awards are given in accordance with the number of points won. Class numerals are given to the winner of two hundred and fifty points, an S. B. monogram for five hundred points, and a sleeve stripe for each additional one hundred. To the winner of one thousand points, a white Spaulding sweater, bearing the S. B. monogram, will be given. This puts awards within the reach of everyone who goes out for Athletics, and does not, as formerly, confine them to the small number who play on teams in one season. It does not make the awards easier to obtain, for it requires a longer time to amass a sufficient number of points, and necessitates participating in a greater number of activities. Playing on a team is only one step in the winning of an award. To broaden the field of athletics, and give everyone a chance, Hiking has been instituted as an organized sport, and has been enthusiastically undertaken by practically every member of the Association.

Altho Sweet Briar has always stood, and still stands, for Sport for Sport's sake, it welcomes this new system as a means of recognizing the efforts of everyone who works faithfully in the interest of Athletics. It has proven a great incentive to all to come out and do their best in every sport.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

+ +

OFFICERS

FLORENCE FREEMAN	<i>President</i>
NANCY HANNA	<i>Vice-President</i>
IDA MASSIE	<i>Secretary</i>
GERALDINE BALL	<i>Treasurer</i>

+

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

ELLEN WOLF	<i>Head of Basket-Ball</i>
ETHEL WILSON	<i>Head of Hockey</i>
STELLA GWYNN	<i>Head of Tennis</i>
RUTH HULBURD	<i>Head of Hiking</i>
ROSANNE GILMORE	<i>Head of Lake Day</i>

+

PHYSICAL DIRECTORS

MISS JOSEPHINE GUION

MISS L. RUGGLES



Athletics



OFFICERS OF ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

FLORENCE FREEMAN

IDA MASSIE

NANCY HANNA

GERALDINE BALL



BASKET-BALL



BASKET-BALL TEAMS

+ +

VARSITY

<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Centers</i>	<i>Guards</i>
MARY McLEMORE	GENEVIEVE BROSIUS	ETHEL WILSON
ELLEN WOLF (<i>Captain</i>)	MADELINE SHIDLER	GWENDOLYN BARRET
	<i>Substitute</i>	
	KATHERINE TAYLOR	

+

SENIOR-SOPHOMORE

<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Guards</i>	<i>Centers</i>
FLORENCE IVES	FANNY ELLSWORTH	DOROTHY WALLACE
ROSANNE GILMORE	(<i>Captain</i>)	KATHERINE TAYLOR
	FLORENCE SCOVEL	
	<i>Substitutes</i>	
	KATHERINE PENNIWELL	MILDRED ELLIS

+

JUNIOR-FRESHMAN

<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Guards</i>	<i>Centers</i>
LILLIAS SHEPHERD	RUTH HULBURD	ADA TYLER
STELLA GWYNN	(<i>Captain</i>)	BURD DICKSON
	ELIZABETH ELKINS	
	<i>Substitute</i>	
	NANCY HANNA	

+

SUB-FRESHMAN

<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Guards</i>	<i>Centers</i>
ANNETTE HARBER	ANNE KEITH	KATHERINE COOKE
SADIE EVANS	LILY WALLACE (<i>Captain</i>)	ISABEL DEMING
	<i>Substitutes</i>	
	KATHERINE WRIGHT	RUTH CRAWFORD



VARSITY BASKET-BALL TEAM



SENIOR - SOPHOMORE BASKET-BALL TEAM



JUNIOR-FRESHMAN BASKET-BALL TEAM



SUB-FRESHMAN BASKET-BALL TEAM

HOCKEY



HOCKEY TEAMS

+

VARSITY TEAM

ELLEN WOLF	Center forward
ELIZABETH SHOOB	Right forward
HELEN BISHOP (<i>Captain</i>)	Left forward
ROSANNE GILMORE	Right wing
ETHEL WILSON	Left wing
MIRIAM THOMPSON	Right halfback
MARIE WIENER	Center halfback
MADELINE SHIDLER	Left halfback
HAILE MOORE	Right fullback
ISABEL WOOD	Left fullback
MARY TAYLOR	Goal

SENIOR-SOPHOMORE TEAM

FANNIE ELLSWORTH (<i>Captain</i>)	Center forward
GERTRUDE ANDERSON	Right forward
LOUISE HAMMOND	Left forward
KATHERINE PENNIWELL	Right wing
ISABEL LUKE	Left wing
KATHERINE TAYLOR	Right halfback
CATHERINE CORDES	Center halfback
RUTH SIMPSON	Left halfback
DOROTHY WALLACE	Right fullback
MARY MCLEMORE	Left fullback
ELIZABETH HODGE	Goal

Substitutes

MARION SHAFER	SHELLEY ROUSE	EDITH DURELL	MILDRED ELLIS
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JUNIOR-FRESHMAN TEAM

IDA MASSIE (<i>Captain</i>)	Center forward
RUTH HULBURD	Right forward
GWENDOLYN BARRETT	Left forward
NANCY HANNA	Right wing
ADA TYLER	Left wing
FRANCES JORDAN	Right halfback
MINNIE LONG	Center halfback
DOROTHY DANGERFIELD	Right fullback
ELIZABETH ELKINS	Left fullback
JEANETTE KIDD	Goal

Substitutes

GERALDINE BALL	FRANCES MARSH	GLORIA FRINK	MARY MUNSON
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SUB-FRESHMAN TEAM

MARGARET WISE (<i>Captain</i>)	Center forward
HANNAH KEITH	Right forward
JOSEPHINE BECHTEL	Left forward
DOROTHY YATES	Right wing
JOSEPHINE DEMING	Left wing
ELIZABETH MILLS	Right halfback
CATHERINE WRIGHT	Center halfback
LYDIA BURGE	Left halfback
MINNIE BELL	Right fullback
MABEL ROWLANDS	Left fullback
EDITH REAMS	Goal

Substitutes

LARUE ROBERTSON	RUTH CRAWFORD
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VARSITY HOCKEY TEAM



SENIOR-SOPHOMORE HOCKEY TEAM



JUNIOR-FRESHMAN HOCKEY TEAM



SUB-FRESHMAN HOCKEY TEAM

TENNIS



TENNIS

Head of Tennis.....STELLA GWYNN



TOURNAMENT

College Singles Cup.....FANNY ELLSWORTH, '21
Inter-Class Cup.....CORNELIA CARROLL AND LOUISE CASE, '18
Doubles Tournament.....CORNELIA CARROLL AND LOUISE CASE, '18
Academy Singles.....LILLIAS SHEPHERD
College-Academy Singles.....FANNY ELLSWORTH, '21



HIKING





Head of Hiking.....RUTH HULBURD

+ +

HIKE LEADERS

GENEVIEVE BROSIUS

HANNAH KEITH

GERALDINE BALL

ELIZABETH HAY

GWENDOLYN BARRETT

ISABEL LUKE

ELIZABETH EGGLESTON

LOUISE HAMMOND



WEARERS OF THE "S. B."



WEARERS OF THE "S. B."

+ + +

FANNY ELLSWORTHTennis

FLORENCE FREEMANPoints

ROSANNE GILMOREPoints

MAYNETTE ROZELLEHockey

ELLEN WOLFPoints

LAKE DAY

Head of Lake Day

DOROTHY NEAL

+

RECORDS FOR 1918

Event	Won by	Record	College Record
Boat Race	Sophomores, '20		Freshmen, '21—2' 52"
Dash to First Raft	Ellen Wolf, '21	15 ³ / ₅ "	Ellen Wolf, '21—15 ³ / ₅ "
Dash to Second Raft	Dorothy Pryor, '21	47 ³ / ₅ "	Dorothy Pryor, '21—47 ³ / ₅ "
Inter-Class Relay Race	Freshmen, '21		
Beginners' Race	Miriam Thompson, '21		
Swim to Dam	Ellen Wolf, '21	8', 32 ¹ / ₅ "	Ellen Wolf, '21—8' 32 ¹ / ₅ "

+ +

FIELD DAY

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RECORDS FOR 1918

Event	Won by	Record	College Record
Running High Jump	Lillias Shepherd (Acad.)	3', 11"	Ellen Hayes, '14—4' 3"
Standing Broad Jump	Shelley Rouse, '21	7' 1 ¹ / ₂ "	Catherine Wales, 8' 2"
Running Broad Jump	Lillias Shepherd (Acad.)	13' 1 ¹ / ₂ "	Ellen Hayes, '14—16' 5"
Hop, Step, and Jump	Nancy Hanna, '20	24' 9"	Ellen Hayes, '14—34' 5"
Hurdles	Caroline Sharpe, '19	12 ³ / ₅ "	Mary Bissell, '17—9.1"
Shot Put	Florence Freeman, '19	24' 1"	Josephine Reeves, 30' 2"
Basket-Ball Throw	Katherine Nicklson (Acad.)	68' 1"	Ellen Hayes, '14—68' 11"
Baseball Throw	Lillias Shepherd (Acad.)	109' 6"	Ruth Maurice, '14—184' 2 ¹ / ₂ "
50-Yard Dash	Marjorie Lindsay (Acad.)	73"	{ Ruth Howell Clare Shenehon } 6' 5"
100-Yard Dash			Clare Shenehon, 32' 3"
220-Yard Dash			Ellen Hayes, '14—12' 4"



BOOK V
Activities





CATHARINE MARSHALL, MAY QUEEN, NINETEEN - NINETEEN

MAY DAY, 1918



LONG ago all the superlatives in the dictionary were used up in describing May Day at Sweet Briar, yet each May Day continues to be more lovely than the last! What can a poor mortal do, who has at her disposal only the limited descriptive words of the dictionary? Ah, well!

May third, nineteen-eighteen, was a typical "May Day" day. The sun was shining, the flowers were blooming, and hearts were as light as hearts could be when they were darkened by the shadow of the great World War. Our May queen, lovely Catharine Marshall, looked every inch a queen as she followed her graceful, organdie-clad court into the box-wood circle and up to her throne. Simplicity was the keynote of the costume of the Court and its followers that year—simplicity coupled with exquisite daintiness and beauty.

You who have seen Sweet Briar on a May Day know well the order of the events. If you shut your eyes, you can hear the strains of "with roses, red roses"; and you can see the subjects of the Queen 'o May forming an aisle, down the center of which she passes, preceded by her Court. Next you see her being presented with her crown, her garland, and her scepter, by the three loveliest maidens of her Court. The Queen then speaks a few words of welcome and appreciation, after which she is entertained by the dancing of her subjects. And then—

But *then* there was an innovation in the order of events, in the year nineteen-eighteen, for there came before the queen a poet, who beseeched of her and her following to go with him to view a pageant of dance in the Dell. The queen and her Court followed him, as he led them to a special platform which had been erected for them, and her humbler subjects arranged themselves on the slope of the hill.

The pageant L'Allegro began.

They say that Hildegard Hanner was Mirth; that Liberty, Melancholy, Jest, Jollity, and all the other dancing figures who wove the story were mortals, too; yet verily to this day do I believe they came straight from Fairyland. Enthrall'd, enchanted, the audience watched until the last dancer was gone from sight.

"Was it real? *Could* it be real?" These were the questions one asked.

That same evening there was a dance at Sweet Briar, to bring to a close another perfect May Day, the "loveliest May Day yet!"

--G. E. S.





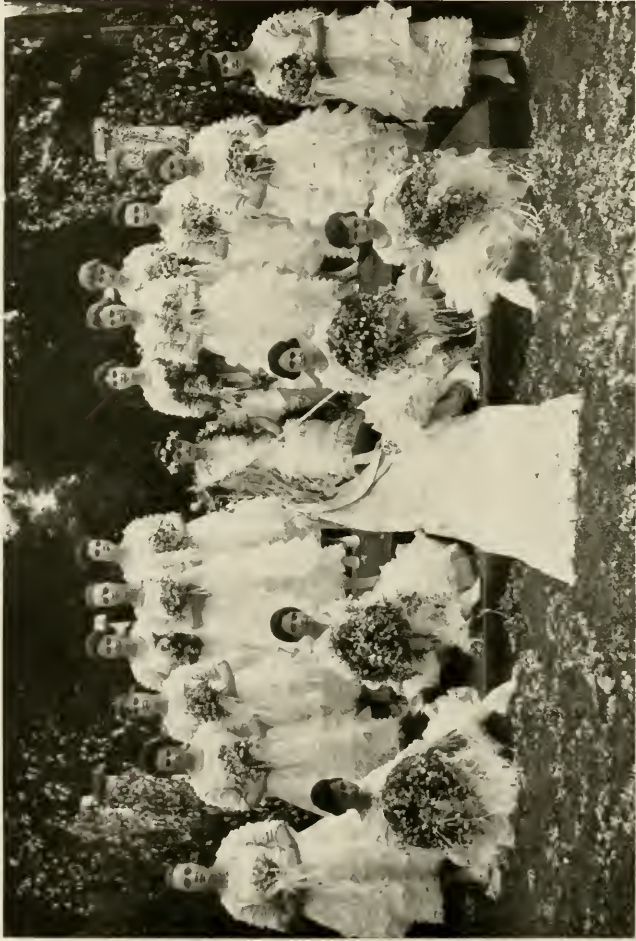
SMITH

SLOAN

ELLIS

CARROLL

NICHOLSON



MAY QUEEN AND COURT, NINETEEN - EIGHTEEN

FETE OF MAY



PERSONS OF THE COURT

The Queen.....	CATHARINE MARSHALL
The Maid of Honor.....	CORNELIA CARROLL
The Scepter Bearer.....	HELEN BEESON
The Bearer of the Garland.....	HELEN JOHNSTON



THE LADIES OF THE COURT

DOROTHY NICHOLSON	ANNE KEITH
LELIA TAYLOR	MILDRED ELLIS
EDNA SLOAN	EMMA SMITH
HATHAWAY WRIGHT	RUSSE BLANKS

JEANNE LOWRY



THE FLOWER GIRLS

HELEN SMITH	DOUGLAS CHELF
CATHARINE GRIFFITH	JOSEPHINE PAYNE



THE COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS

CATHARINE MARSHALL	Chairman
LOUISE HAMMOND	GERALDINE BALL
HELEN BISHOP	FLORENCE FREEMAN
LOUISE CASE	



L'ALLEGRO

A MAY DAY PAGEANT

Presented to the Queen and Her Court by Her Majesty's Most Loyal Subject
THE POET

+

Place—The Dell

Written by one John Milton, Poet.

Made into a Pageant by Josephine P. Simrall.

Directed by Josephine W. Guion, assisted by Vivienne Barklow, Hildegard Flanner, and Katherine Taylor.

Musician, Frances Barbour.

THE PEOPLE OF THE PAGEANT

The Poet.....	ELIZABETH CLAXTON
Mirth	HILDEGARDE FLANNER
Liberty, the Mountain.....	ROSALINE SCHLADERMUNDT
Melancholy	CHARLOTTE SEAYER
Jest	LILLIAS SHEPHERD
Jollity	VIRGINIA MILLER
Quips	HELEN WHITEHILL
Cranks	MILDRED THOMPSON
Nods	VIRGINIA BOX
Becks	MARJORIE LINDSEY
Sport	IDA MASSIE
Laughter	ILOE BOWERS

The Hunters

CILLA GUGGENHEIMER	MARY VIRGINIA CRABBS	R. V. MARTINDALE
EUGENIA MORENUS	MARGARET TURNER	

Dawn Spirits

OMAR DAVIS	MARION LINCOLN	ELLEN WOLF
ANNA FAWCUS	MARIAN SHAFER	RUTH WOLF
KATHERINE FISHER	ERNESTINE SHAYLER	MARIE WIENER
	HELEN WHITEHILL	

The Sun

MARY WITWER

The Sunrise Clouds

RUTH GLADFELTER

JOSEPHINE HEREFORD

OLIVIA KLINGELHOFFER

BEATRICE HENRY

BABETTE KARGER

VIRGINIA MILLER

MAYNETTE ROZELLE

LILLIAS SHEPHERD

Plowman

ELIZABETH GROVES

Milkmaids

ELIZABETH MILLS

DOROTHY PRYOR

FRANCES SELLERS

Mower

KATHERINE NICHOLSON

Shepherds

FRANCES HUNT

ROBERTA KNAPP

Corydon

EOLINE HARKIN

Thyrsis

BERNICE HARKIN

Phyllis

FRANCES HELMICK

Children

POLLY CARY DEW

ANNE LEWIS

CAROLINE MARINDALE

BEATRICE WATTS

THELMA PERNELL

NANCY COLE WORTHINGTON

The Dreams

OMAR DAVIS

ELLEN WOLF

ERNESTINE SHAYLER

MARION LINCOLN

RUTH WOLF

MARIAN SHAYLER

ANNA FAWCUS

KATHERINE FISHER

LUCILE WARWICK

MARGARET DEEKENS





COMMENCEMENT, 1918



DEAR Class of Nineteen-Eighteen:—Don't you feel about a million years old? And doesn't it seem as tho you had lost your very last friend? And wouldn't you, honestly, *wouldn't* you give just about everything you possess for a pair of fairy wings to carry you back to Sweet Briar again? Perhaps you won't admit that; but *I know you would!*

Tonight I am in a reminiscent mood—a sure sign of old age! It's not much fun to be a back number, a “has-been,” is it? Of course, we girls of Nineteen-Eighteen still have the distinction of being the latest “grads,” but very soon even that honor is to be snatched from us. Think of it, Girls, Nineteen-Nineteen is the Senior Class this year; and it is only a matter of a few weeks before Nineteen-Nineteen will be having its Commencement Week, and getting its diplomas. How time does fly! Don't you just re-live *our* Commencement Week over and over again? I do! I think it was the gladdest, saddest week I ever lived thru. Do you remember the party at the Walkers', at the beginning of that last week? They certainly did give us a good time—such a good time that none of us are apt to forget it very soon. And do you remember how we all chose to walk back to college the “long” way, that night, just to prolong the party? I believe that was the first night that we fully realized that we were not going to be together much longer.

The following day our friends and families began to arrive. Wasn't it fun introducing them to all the Sweet Briarites, and showing them all about? Sweet Briar was particularly lovely that week, for their sake and ours!

Of course, none of us have forgotten a single thing that happened that week; but it seems rather good just to talk it all over! Remember that jim-dandy party of Mary Reed's? Commencement Week might almost be described as just one party after another, might it not? And weren't you glad, Girls, that they decided to give the pageant, “L'Allegro,” over again, on June 1? That was one of the loveliest things that was ever put on at Sweet Briar, and I am so glad that our families had an opportunity to see it.

On Saturday night, after the concert, we had our garden party, and every one of us enjoyed it as much as our guests did, in spite of the fact that we complained of nearly having our arms pumped off with all the handshaking we had to do! I felt as tho I were in Fairyland that night, for the lanterns that the Sophomores had so artistically hung in the Rose Garden seemed to lend the spot a mystic atmosphere!

The next day was Sunday—*our* Baccalaureate Sunday—*our last* Sunday as Seniors at Sweet Briar! Because we realized that fact, we listened to Dr. Powell's sermon “with both ears,” and we found it well worth listening to! And that night I am sure that *he* found *our* step singing worth listening to, too! Wasn't it great to sing our old songs before such an appreciative audience as our families made? And wasn't it great to listen to the other classes sing—with the exception of the Freshies, who stole our good old tune, and thought they could get away with it! They *thought* so—that is all.

Later, that night—remember?—we all went down to the Boxwood Circle for Community Singing. Didn't we just make that place *ring* with “Over There,” tho? It seems almost too wonderful to be true that the thing we were all hoping and praying for that night—that the war might end soon, and our boys “over there” might come home victorious—has really come to pass since then! In spite of our happiness during Commencement Week, each one of us felt the dark presence of War. That presence

will not sadden the Commencement Week of Nineteen-Nineteen, thank God, to whom our thanks are due!

But to go back to *our* Commencement Week—Wasn't it nice to have the Lake Day exercises on Monday morning? It gave "the folks" a chance to see what regular athletes our Sweet Briar girls are! And wasn't Monday the *fullest* day ever? That noon, the faculty gave us and our guests a luncheon at Sweet Briar House; and later on in the day we had our Class Day exercises, down in the Rose Garden. The Freshmen made us the *loveliest* daisy chain, which the Sophomores carried; and we all sang songs and did our stunts and enjoyed ourselves thoroly. *Our* "stunt" was to give a brief résumé of our four years at Sweet Briar. Remember? And I particularly liked the song that the Sophomores sang, with a verse for each one of us Seniors, didn't you? And wasn't it fun seeing what each girl dropped into the grave under our old tree? Fun—yes—but rather "chokey" fun. It was all right for us to sing "Send Us Away with a Smile, Dear Old Pals"; but *I* didn't feel much like smiling right then, did you? And when our Will was read, I really felt as tho I were at my own funeral. Fact!

That night—our last at Sweet Briar—the final play was given, in an entirely new out-of-doors theater. The play, "A Thousand Years Ago," was a difficult one to put on, but old C. de B. "did herself proud" with it, and it was one of the most artistically produced plays that has ever been given at Sweet Briar. After the play, we had an ice-cream cone party out in the garden, and it was very late that night before any of us got to sleep, for the whole college serenaded itself and everyone else, 'way into the wee sma' hours of the morning!

June fourth was a true Sweet Briar day—warm, sunny, beautiful! Long before ten-thirty every one of the Seniors was dressed in her cap and gown. It was a queer sensation to realize that for the last time we were putting our caps on with the tassels on the left side, wasn't it? I think each one of us felt that it was the biggest moment in her life when she stepped into her place and the Academic Procession began to file slowly into the Chapel. The end had come finally—the end of four years of work and play and companionship. In a few moments we were to receive our diplomas, and our College days would be behind us. Did any of you hear Dr. Powell's address? *Did you? Really?* Does anyone ever hear a Commencement Address, I wonder? Weren't we listening, rather, to the little voices within us that were whispering, "The end! The end! Very soon we'll be saying 'good-bye.' I wonder what the years will bring to us. I wonder whether we'll be able to live up to the high ambitions we've formed here. I wonder if we'll ever be able to give old Sweet Briar back one-millionth of what she has given us"?

Pretty soon the address was finished—I've heard it was very good—and then we were going up onto the platform one by one, and Miss McVea was handing us something. Our diplomas? Surely! Still somewhat dazed, we bent our heads while Miss Given slipped our hoods over them, and then we stumbled down from the platform, changing our tassels—those of us who remembered to do so—over to the right side.

It was over, all over! Nineteen-Eighteen, eighteen strong, had graduated from Sweet Briar College. Dear Marianne couldn't be with us that day, in person; but she was with us in spirit at least, and she received her diploma with us. When we have our first Reunion, this Spring, we are going to try to be there—every one of us; aren't we, Girls? For Nineteen-Eighteen loves Sweet Briar, loves every nook and corner of it!

Until then, Girls, good bye! And good luck to you, every one!

Your Classmate

—G. E. S., '18



FOUNDER'S DAY



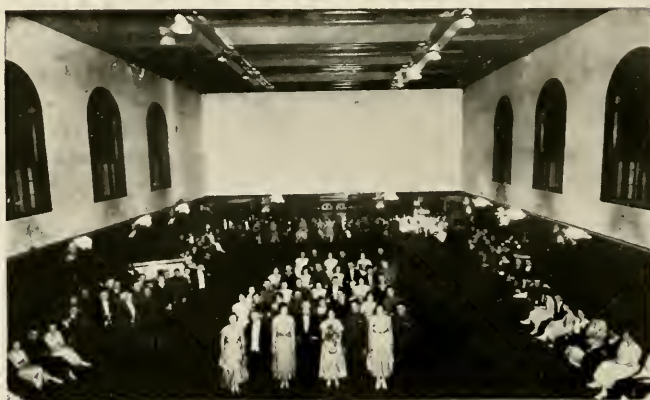
THE Fates were with us, and Founder's Day dawned bright and sunny. At half-past ten, there was wild confusion in and about first floor Randolph, where the students assembled to take their places in the procession. The importance of the bright day was that the students could all array themselves in white; which they did. When the guests were ushered into their seats in chapel by immaculately clad Sophomores, decorated with a badge of rose and green ribbon, the familiar strains of "Ancient of Days" issued forth from chapel, and the student-body marched in, marshaled by Rhoda Allen.

After the Glee Club, Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen had filed in by twos, the Seniors, wearing their caps and gowns for the first time, were marshaled in by Fannie Elsworth. They held themselves erect, and wore countenances duly solemn. There were "ooohs" and "aaahs" heard from the envious onlookers. The Seniors were followed by the Faculty, in their awe-inspiring caps and gowns with their many-colored hoods. After they had taken their places on the platform, the music ceased, and the regular ceremony of the day began. Mr. Manson told simply, and with interest, the story of the founding of Sweet Briar College, especially for the benefit of the guests and new girls. Miss McVea made a few announcements of interest to the college, and introduced Mr. Chandler, of Cincinnati University, who made an address on "Sentimentality and Efficiency." He introduced the two phrases, "tender-minded" and "tough-minded," which have been aptly used by several of the faculty since.

After singing "Sweet Briar, Sweet Briar," the students marched out to go to their respective duties, while Miss McVea gave a lunch at Sweet Briar House to the guests, the faculty, and Seniors.

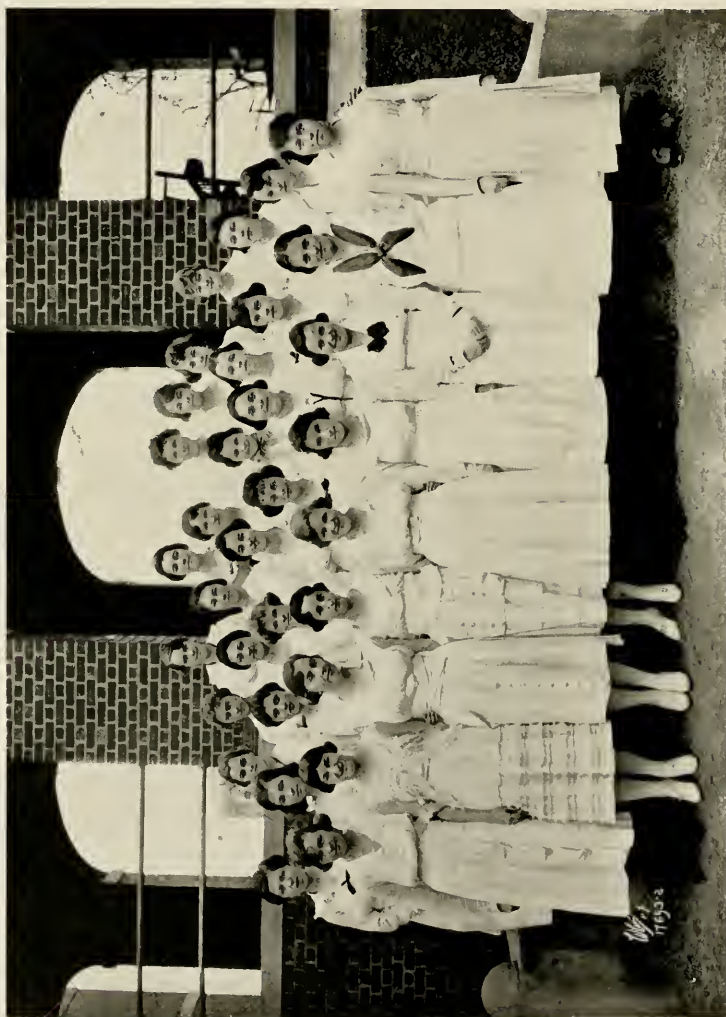


FOUNDER'S DAY DANCE



MUSIC





GLEE CLUB

*GLEE CLUB*MISS YOUNG *Director*MISS BRANDT *Accompanist*

FIRST SOPRANOS

MISS AYCOCK

MISS RENDLEMAN

MISS BRUNER

MISS ROUSE

MISS CRAWFORD

MISS SCHNORBACK

MISS HICKS

MISS SHEPHARD

MISS KELLY

MISS SHIDLER

MISS KLUMPH

MISS NELSON

MISS MOON

MISS ZABRISKIE

SECOND SOPRANOS

MISS ANDERSON

MISS JORDAN

MISS COLLES

MISS MARSTON

MISS DURRELL

MISS NEWBY

MISS EVANS

MISS SHURTLEFF

ALTOS

MISS BOX

MISS TURNER

MISS HASKINS

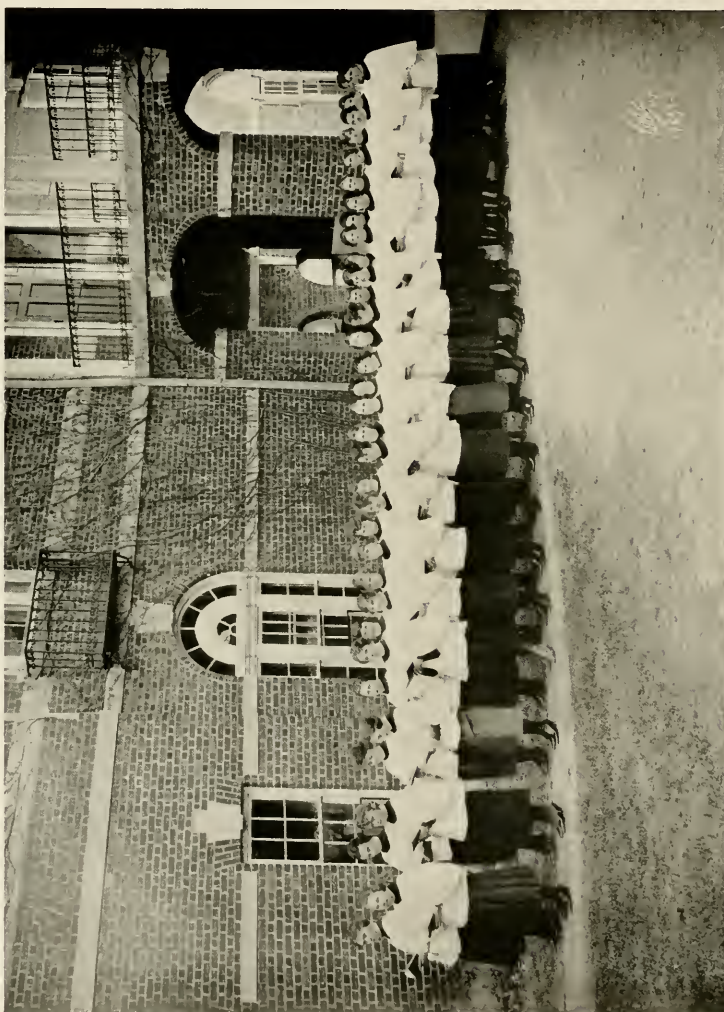
MISS WALKUP

MISS HODGSON

MISS WAY

MISS PLUMMER

MISS SPENGEL



THE CHOIR

CHOIR



MISS CRAWFORD *Leader*

RHODA ALLEN

FRANCES JORDAN

LYDIA BURGE

MARY BELLE McNALLY

MARGARETTE CARPER

MARGARET MARSTON

KATHERINE COOK

IDA MASSIE

GERTRUDE DALLY

FAITH MENGEL

DOROTHY DANGERFIELD

ELIZABETH NEWSOM

BURD DICKSON

ADELAIDE RENDLEMAN

ALICE EARLEY

SHELLEY ROUSE

MILDRED ELLIS

EVELYN PLUMMER

PINKNEY GOFFIGON

ELIZABETH SHOOP

FRANCES HELWICK

AMEY SMYTH

FLORENCE IVES

MARGARET SPENGEL

GEORGIA HICKS

ISABELLE STROTHER

LUCILE JOHNSON


MARY TAYLOR

PEGGY KEEFER

EDITH WAY

MARGARET ZABRISKIE

LECTURES AND CONCERTS AT SWEET BRIAR

S with all other activities, the lectures and concerts were interfered with because of the influenza epidemic.

It was with greatest enthusiasm that we greeted John Kendrick Bangs, who lectured on "Salubrities I Have Known." As well as being extremely witty and cheering to a "flu-trodden" community, the lecture was interesting and inspiring.

On December sixth, Marvin Maazel, a young Russian pianist, gave a concert that was remarkable. It is seldom that we are able to hear one which equals this.

Congressman Chandler spoke to us on "War and Its Aftermath." His lecture dealt with reconstruction problems, and was instructive as well as interesting.

Madame Gertrude Auld gave a concert which particularly appealed to the girls. Her voice was lovely, and her selection of songs was delightful.

"Literary Men I Have Known," given by Hamlin Garland, was a treat, especially for those interested in modern literature. The personal acquaintance which Mr. Garland has had with literary men of today made his talk unusually pleasing.

Miss Lou Belle Colesky Jones read three of Lord Dunsaney's plays. Altho under the supervision of Current Events, Miss Jones deserves to be classed among our lecturers. Her readings were well done and charming.

Perhaps the most delightful concert we have had was by Madame Reuger, a Belgian who gave a combination concert and lecture. She played the violin exquisitely, and her tales of Belgium during the war were among the best that we have had an opportunity to hear.

SWEET BRIAR SONG

Words and music by SELMA BRANDT.

Snappily.

1. Hail to thee, oh S. B. C., Thy name we love to praise.....
 2. Hail to Sweet Briar rose and green! Lift these col - ors high;.....

Come a - bout and give a shout, We our voi - ces raise; For we are
 Gath - er near to give a cheer; Send it to the sky; Rahl Rahl Rahl!

true to you, True - blue to you, So shall we al - ways be.....
 These shall al - ways bring to us In the..... years to be.....

Faith - ful to our Al - ma Ma - ter S. B. C.....
 Mem - 'ries of our dear old col - lege S. B. C.....

(WINNER OF SONG CONTEST—SWEET BRIAR SONG)

NINETEEN TWENTY-ONE CLASS SONG

Words by MARY TAYLOR

TUNE: *Battle Hymn of the Republic*



OR the glory of our College, for the honor of our Class;
For the right to be remembered, for the things that do not pass;
For fair dreams which see fulfillment, and which shine from
out the mass,

We'll strive for every move.

CHORUS


Hail the Sophomores of Sweet Briar;
Hail the Sophomores of Sweet Briar;
Hail the Sophomores of Sweet Briar;
Class of Twenty-One.

Our banner's high above us, honor to the blue and green;
May no deed of profanation ever dim its radiant sheen;
And among its sister banners may it ever float serene,
For Nineteen Twenty-One—CHO.



SENIOR SONG


TUNE: *To a Wild Rose*

 O Sweet Briar, you Sweet Briar,
We have learned to love you,
Campus green, blue lake sheen
Aiding skies above you.
We'll be true, e'er to you,
Dearest alma mater.
To Sweet Briar, you Sweet Briar,
Seniors sing to you.

+ + +

JUNIOR SONG

TUNE: *Kentucky Babe*

 OWN in old Virginy there's a spot that's very dear;
Sweet Briar College, hail!
'Tis our alma mater, and to learn we're gathered here—
Sweet Briar College, hail!
Rose and Green protected by the Purple and the Gold,
Greatest combination that an artist could behold.
From old Nineteen-Twenty
Praises throng in plenty:
Here's to you our college, S. B. C.
Nineteen-Twenty's victories shall ever be your due
S. B. C.
Nineteen-Twenty's singing, and her song is just to you.
Sweet Briar College;
Here's to our Sweet Briar!
Sweet Briar College—

*FRESHMAN APRON SONG*TUNE: *Tickle Toe*


VERY "Freshie" has to wear
Little apron white and fair.
Tho' we have just lots of spirit,
We don't mind at all to wear it.
Wait and see how nice we look;
You'll get one by hook or crook.
We may kick at rules of
Mail lines, shoeshines.
But no Freshie whines,
Just because she has to wear,
Little apron, white and fair.





VICTORY

"Write us a poem about Victory!"

HAT would not be difficult, surely! I pictured myself framing pliable words into a living tableau, wherein there would be the motion of fighting masses of men, the screaming of shrapnel, the bursting of bombs, and finally, a glorious, jubilant Victory, attended by joyful song and resounding cheers. Such would be my poem of Victory.

I cannot write that poem.

* * * * *

They were gathered in a room to be entertained. Have you ever seen a roomful of wounded boys waiting to be entertained? God! It is a sight you would not soon forget. They are cheerful, for the most part, for Uncle Sam's nephews are not made of the stuff that complains; but all the entertaining in the world will not take the look from their eyes that one is accustomed to see only in the eyes of old men who have lived long and suffered much. These men are mere lads, but they have seen the things I have only read about, and reading, have been unable, fully, to comprehend.

"Have you ever eaten toothpaste? Gee, it's fine—when you haven't eaten anything for four days, and you've been fighting all that time."

"I saw him kill my brother—that dirty German brute!—not twenty feet away. He blew his brains out. My Croix de Guerre? No, Ma'am. I wasn't saving lives that day, a-taking them; that was what I was doing."

"A-taking them!" And be not more than twenty, at the most! He wouldn't tell us more—but he had seen his brother killed.

"It wasn't so bad when there was water. Men killed their pals for water—gone crazy, you know. And the streams, they was poisoned, mostly. We could drink the mud in the road, but that sometimes was gassed."

* * * * *

I cannot write a poem on Victory. I can only thank the Lord and those fine boys for ending the war and slavery.

S. E. SOLLITT, '18



BOOK VI
Features

ON THE BLUE RIDGE COVERED WITH SNOW

H, lofty hills, whose purple majesty
Doth charm the vision and uplift the soul,
Whose heart is strength, whose breath is mystery,
Now from thy highest peak and wooded knoll

To the broad plains unrolling at thy feet,
There gleams a misty radiance of snow,
O'ercast with blue, as tho the heaven to meet
Her love, the earth, shed her own blue below.
Soft, drifting, curling, mingled rose and gray,
The clouds are driven by a mighty wind
That sweeps about thy crests, and far away
Thru thy deep valleys shrieks, until it find
Thou holdest it a prisoner by a power,
Within thy walls that God alone can lower.

MARY TAYLOR, '21





FACULTY

NNA Blanche Murphy's her name;
To Sweet Briar College she came;
And everyone knows
Of her numerous beaux—

But I'm sure that she isn't to blame.

There was a professor named Moore,
Who handed out Spanish galore—
Verbs, idioms too;
Till we longed to say "Shoo"
To the professor who has always said "more."

There is a young lady named Wagner;
For chaperone the girls are all taggin' her—
So young does she look,
For a Freshman she's took
By those who don't know our Miss Wagner.

There's one of our teachers named Smith,
Whom all of us like to be with;
For the things that she makes,
As she boils, frys, and bakes,
Are a credit to Sweet Briar's Miss Smith.

There's a lady who covers her head,
When fire-drill calls her from bed.
Does she fear the night air,
Or the curl in her hair;
Or just why does she cover her head?

THRU THE TELESCOPE

All who would see the fates of the members of the Class of Nineteen-Nineteen, look with us thru the telescope at the time of each one's birth, and read what the stars reveal.



HENRY

April 22

HE constellations which we see at the time of Henry's birth are ruled over by Venus, who gives to her subjects a gentle and playful disposition.

The stars show that Henry's mind is apt to be much clearer in the morning than in the evening, so daylight-saving must be a great help to her. At all events, we advise her to take for her motto, "Early to bed and early to rise." At first glance, we thought the stars pointed to a happy marriage and a quiet life of domesticity. But alas, no—the footlights prove too tempting, and in the future we may see our HENRIETTA the leading lady of the Follies of Nineteen-Thirty.





K. D.

January 29

WHEN we consult the heaven's for K. D.'s destiny, we see that Venus rules; and as he gives to his subjects beautiful, hypnotic eyes, we see the reason for K. D.'s orbs. We discover that K. D. has a wonderful business ability, so we should expect to see her one day in the role of the Big Boss on Wall Street. But fickle fortune does not agree to this. Sad to say, K. D.'s financial genius is doomed to be wasted, for her main constellation points unmistakably to A Man—while round about are scattered clusters of small satellites, which we presume are chips of the old block.





"EGGY"

March 17



HE planet Neptune rules the heavens on Eggy's birthday; so perhaps it is from the god of the sea that she gets her constant desire for motion. As we gaze at those stars which control her future, we discover that only after many waverings will her fate be permanently decided. At first, she will be a bear-tamer in Alaska; but success in this line seems to be cut off by the inopportune melting of her favorite igloo; next she will teach the aborigines of South Africa improved styles of architecture. Finally, however, we expect to see her on the concert stage, singing arias from her latest opera, "Oh Wandering Moonbeam."





"NELL"

July 21

UPON surveying the heavens at the time of NELL'S birth, we find them ruled by the moon. This fact causes dreams to play an important part in her life. The extensive pursuit of literature in which she indulges at Sweet Briar should be of great use to her in later life, if the stars speak truly. We regret to say that the stars foretell that she will be greatly tempted by the lures of Monte Carlo, but we see that, for the sake of her reputation, she will forego these temptations—for it would never do for the gambling fever to overtake a traveling secretary of the United Confederation of the W. C. T. U. and S. P. C. A.





"FLO"

February 6

THE stars predominating at the time of Flo's birth are a little hard to interpret, for they seem to move about in harmonic motion. However, when we get the telescope moving with the same syncopation as the stars, we are able to discover several interesting facts. There is every evidence of a promising future in store for FLO, if she will only devote the pep she acquired back in high school to the practical good of humanity. We are greatly encouraged, upon further consulting the stars, to see that, after pondering over various kinds of social service, she will at last find a true outlet for her abilities when she starts in officially to teach wounded soldiers to use their eyes.





ROSANNE

July 28

WHEN ROSANNE was born, the sun ruled the heavens. This accounts for her brilliance and her cheerful disposition. The sun also imparts strength to his subjects. This explains Rosie's immense popularity at all fudge-parties on Third Floor Gray. When we look at the stars governing the early part of ROSANNE'S life, we see that she will at first be a nurse. But after a few years of her expert care, the world will become so free from disease that ROSIE'S talents cannot do themselves justice, so later on we shall find her making her fortune by putting on the market the Gilmore Brand Elbow Grease.





HAMMOND

October 8

VENUS is the planet which rules the heavens at the time of LOUISE's birth, as we see by consulting the telescope. The arrangement of the stars at this time of the year, however, gives her a very balanced mind, which offsets any capriciousness she may have received from the goddess of love. Altho she may seem to us now a gay butterfly, the stars foretell that she will leave behind the social whirl with her college days, and settle down to more serious pursuits. We shall eventually find her making use of her woman's intuition in deciding on the fitness of applicants for entrance to the Beverly Home for Incompatible Derelicts, somewhere in Virginia.





ELIZABETH

August 28



T the time of ELIZABETH'S birth, the telescope shows us each star in a well-defined place, in which it obligingly stays. This gives her that love of order which is so manifest in her, especially on Saturday mornings. Some years from now, when strolling up a quiet and dignified avenue of a small town in the Middle West, we may pass a neat office-building, on whose window appears, in gilt letters:

Matrimonial Bureau

Fitting of soul-mates a specialty

(No applicants accepted over
thirty-five years of age)

E. Hodge, Proprietor





LUKE

February 4

HE telescope, when consulted at the time of LUKE's birth, shows us some surprising facts. Little do we guess, when confronted by her gay and cheery manner, the depths of poetic melancholy in which, the stars tell us, her inner nature is steeped. The planets which rule over her life give her the ability to conceal for quite a time, under a mask of gaiety, the mysterious solemnity of her innermost being. But, murder will out, and all will be known when LUKE fulfills her destiny; for she will find her true niche in life when she is made Grand High Priestess of the Noble Order of Melodic Muses.





DOROTHY

October 17

VENUS rules over the heavens on DOROTHY'S birthday. This explains to our satisfaction the solitaire, and the huge heaps of foreign mail. We have been led to think, perhaps, that after leaving College DOROTHY will settle down and lead the simple life. But the stars, alas, do not point to such a fate. We see, after prolonged gazing thru the telescope, that she will at first be attracted by the glare of the Great White Way. Then, after wearying of the gay life, she will devote her talents to holding down a steady job; and at last we shall see her as head clerk in the shoe-supplying department of the Army of the Unemployed.





MARY JONES

November 2



HE telescope, consulted at the time of MARY JONES's birth, betrays facts which she doubtless believes hidden from everyone.

We admit she had us fooled, for we thought she was literary and artistic. But her real ambition, the stars tell us, is to be heavyweight champion of the world. She will go quite a way toward fulfilling this ambition, but we see that her hopes are to be blighted by a secret love affair. Now a cloud appears over her future—as it lifts, it shows us a white screen, and on the screen a shadow, which gradually deepens into a "close-up" of a face registering deep regret, tinged faintly with lofty scorn. Underneath is the legend: "The most popular movie heroine." 'Tis our JONESY.





JO

October 7

THE stars seem rather unsettled when we examine them at the time of Jo's birth. We see that in her early youth the stars denote the life of a gay butterfly. But there is evidence that some occult influence will gradually withdraw her attention from the vain and superficial interests held out by society. Next we see her in a different role—a severly tailored young woman upon the stage at Sweet Briar, giving a Founder's Day address on "The Folly of Enjoying Life." But there is hope. Even with such a misguided career in view, the stars finally point, after their waverings, to a "Little Gray Home in the West."





CARRIE

September 9

AT the time of CARRIE'S birth, the Milky Way predominates, while each star remains peacefully in its place. This should aid us to read what fate the stars hold for CARRIE; but unforeseen complications arise. Her destiny at first seems to take the form of a career on the operatic stage. But all her hopes of fame in this direction will be blighted, for a man seems to be present in the background. Following this period, there seems to be one of domestic bliss, marred only by home economics. Her constellations indicate that the main difficulty lies in the fact that the neighbors object to having their gardens devoured by CARRIE'S cow; so we shall finally see her established in a pale lavender cottage in the depths of the Black Forest.





COTTON

March 3

UPON looking thru the telescope at the time of COTTON's birth, we receive a sad shock. We thought she would one day enter the realm of Science; but we were far, far off. We see evidence, in the sky, of a love of luxury and ease to which, sad to say, she will in due time succumb. The stars tell us that she has a gentle disposition, but should be ruled by a firm, yet loving hand. Following the example of other misguided maidens, our MILDRED will at first be attracted by the lure of the movies, but this attraction, we are relieved to notice, is shortlived. If the stars read truly, we shall see COTTON, in a few years, established in an up-to-date studio in New York, the latest disciple of the Cubist School of Art in its highest forms.





TOWNEY

December 14

WHEN we consult the stars for TOWNEY'S horoscope, we see that her life will be ruled over by conflicting influences. One constellation signifies that Catharine will have a quieting, soothing effect on her surroundings. This group of stars tells us that in years to come TOWNEY may be found guarding the entrance of the Carnegie library of a certain town in Nebraska. Another constellation, however, contradicts this fate. It seems that she will no more than get started on her career as guardian angel of the library, when she will catch the prevailing rage for the movies, and future generations of Sweet Briar girls may see her at any time, inside a glass window, selling tickets at the Isis.





DOTTY

March 28



WE are rather surprised at the prospects offered by the stars at the time of Dotty's birth. We had always considered her rather a gentle little thing; so it was rather a shock to discover that she is numbered among the subjects of Mars. And the stars controlling her fate give evidences of the warlike tendencies which are in keeping with her ruling planet. We see that she will not be able to conceal her real nature from us much longer. Some of these days her true self will be revealed, and we shall see her breeze forth in the uniform of a traffic policeman, at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-Second Street. Such is the fate the stars reveal.





SKEET

December 5



T our first glance thru the telescope on SKEET's birthday, we see a constellation which denotes a serene and peaceful life. The chief line of interest which life holds for her appears to be the mail line; and it seems that this will be succeeded, after she leaves college, by something in the male line. But, as we gaze, a shooting star flashes across the heavens! It alters considerably the arrangement of the myriads of stars. Now all is changed. No more is her path calm and untroubled. Those who wish to see SKEET, a few years from now, must inquire at Barnum and Bailey's Circus, for their champion bareback rider. SKEET will then be found, and will possibly condescend to meet you.





LITTLE WOOD

January 23

THE stars predominating at the time of LITTLE Wood's birth give her a bright and sunny disposition, so there's a reason for that cheerful grin.

We thought, after a superficial glance thru the telescope, that LITTLE WOOD was going to turn serious-minded. It seemed for a time that she was scheduled to deliver a series of lectures on the Why of Wherefore. But, upon examining them more closely, we see that the stars decree otherwise. Some day we will be able to see our dear ISABEL, the revered and honored head-waitress of the Virginian. Such is the result of a kindly disposition.



LAWS OF VARSITY COUNCIL



HEREAS we, the Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores of Sweet Briar College, represented by the Varsity Council, desire that at all times the Freshmen of Sweet Briar College pay proper respect to upper classmen (Seniors and Juniors), we therefore demand that the aforesaid Freshmen comply with the following laws:

RESOLVED that:

Law I. Freshmen shall at all times show deference to Faculty.

Law II. All reasonable requests made by upper classmen shall be obeyed.

Law III. Freshmen give precedence to upper classmen in all line formations, viz.: mail-lines, postoffice, and bank lines.

Law IV. On all occasions, Freshmen sacrifice their seats to upper classmen in such places as the tea-house, parlors, rooms, campus, and arcades.

Law V. No Freshman shall sit on the concrete wall adjacent to Randolph.

Law VI. No Freshman shall sit in front of row nine in the chapel at concerts, meetings, or entertainments of any kind.

Law VII. Freshmen shall stand aside for upper classmen at all doors.

Law VIII. Freshmen shall keep their own rooms in order.

Law IX. Freshmen shall be careful at all times of their personal appearance.

Law X. No Freshmen shall wear middy blouses to dinner or at any time on Sunday.

Law XI. No Freshman shall break two old girls dancing together in the gymnasium.

Law XII. Freshmen, when addressed by upper classmen, shall call the aforesaid by name.

Law XIII. Freshmen shall memorize the names of all Seniors and Juniors.

Law XIV. Freshmen shall wear a uniform apron between the hours of 7.30 a. m. and 3.30 p. m., on all days except holidays. Aprons shall be clean. This apron shall be worn so that it can be seen, i. e., over dress.

Resolution I. A vigilance committee shall be appointed from the Sophomore Class, which shall be invested with the power to report all misdemeanors on the part of the Freshmen to the Varsity Council. The accused Freshmen shall be tried in court by the aforesaid Varsity Council, and before the entire faculty and student-body of Sweet Briar College. If found guilty, penalties shall be inflicted by the Varsity Council.

Resolution II. This Constitution is subject to revision and amendments.

VARSITY COUNCIL



PERHAPS least said is soonest mended, but it wouldn't be a proper Annual if an account of that famous night in November were left out.

To the Freshmen who are culprits to an extreme degree, it was a night of terror, when they had to be tried at court before a stern and severe judge, Mr. Manson. With quaking knees and faltering voices they took their places in the trial, trusting in their lawyers, but rather doubtful as to the integrity of some of the witnesses. The masked jury whose duty it was to impose sentences of great severity upon these lawbreakers proved a most fear-inspiring body.

The prosecuting attorney was well worthy of the name. Perhaps never in the law courts of Virginia has such an orator held sway. In cross-examining the witnesses for the defense, a great deal of clever thinking and thoughtful reasoning was exhibited. Be the victim insane, or be she meek, the lawyer proved herself capable of handling the situation.

We cannot, however, pass over the lawyers for the defense. They showed themselves particularly ingenious in the selection of witnesses who were members of the faculty, whose word is supposed to be final.

At intervals, the trial seemed tedious to the criminals held in the ante-room by the strict baliffs, but it was necessary to prove to these people that misdemeanors such as they had committed could not be countenanced in a law-abiding community. Therefore, they were forced to endure hardships, and to suffer punishments worthy of their faults. We of Sweet Briar who witnessed the infringement of the law and the execution of the punishment realize that all was for the best.



THEY LIE IN FRANCE WHERE LILLIES BLOOM

They lie in France
Where lillies bloom;
Those flowers pale
That guard each tomb
Are saintly souls,
That smiling stand
Close by them in
That martyred land;

And mutely there the long night shadows creep
From quiet hills to mourn for them who sleep,
While o'er them, thru the dusk, go silently
The grieving clouds that slowly drift to sea,
And lately round them moaned the Winter wind,
Whose voice, lamenting, sounds so coldly kind,
Yet in their faith those waiting hearts abide
The time when turns forever that false tide.

In France they lie,
Where lillies bloom.
Those flowers fair
For them made room.
Not vainly placed
The crosses stand
Within that brave
And stricken land;
Their honor lives,
Their love endures,
Their noble death
The right assures,

For they shall have their heart's desire;
They who, unflinching, braved the fire,
Across the fields their eyes at last shall see,
Thru clouds and mist, the hosts of victory.

PERCIVAL ALLEN
In The New York Times

ANTOINETTE MALET



LANDED in New York the twenty-fifth of September, 1918, with sixty-two other French girls, in order to enter some American college. The reception given in New York left nothing to be desired. It was simply marvelous.

The day after my arrival in New York, I parted from my companions, and left for Sweet Briar. Even before arriving at the College, I saw that Virginia was a delightful country, with its hills, its trees, its blue mountains, and its mild climate.

My arrival provoked great excitement among the students. Everyone wished to see me, and talk to me. The girls were charming to me, and thanks to them I am very comfortably settled.

What struck me most here at first—me, a young French girl, for whom fresh air and space had been measured out in the schools of France—was the equipment of the institution. The College is extremely comfortable, and the immense campus arouses my admiration. In France, we have no idea of so rich and vast establishments. Here students may live a full intellectual and physical life.

But what astonished me most, perhaps, is the organization of Student Government Association. The students form a small republic, which has set up wise laws, and everyone makes it a matter of honor to accept and respect them.

The American girl soon acquires a sense of responsibility. She has astonished me by her initiative, her collective activity, her physical activity, her gaiety, and her social ease. I believe a French girl has much to learn from contact with her.

—A. MALET



BOOK SHOP



MR. MARTINDALE

TO THE SPIRIT OF ROMANCE



UDYARD KIPLING tells us, in his ode to "The True Spirit of Romance"—

*"Who holds by thee,
Hath heaven in fee."*

We see that Romance touches the earth with heaven, lifts us above the cares of everyday life, and brings us in touch with the ideal.

Folks differ in their ideas as to just what makes life worth living, but let us believe for a moment that it is the spirit of romance which lies hidden in some corner of every heart. Some people go thru life never dreaming of its existence; others would vigorously disclaim any intimation of its presence. But it is there, just the same.

Young and old, rich and poor, we are always looking forward to the Day When Dreams Come True, the day which will be the culmination of all our hopes and dreams, which will bring to our lives a greater, fuller joy. The little freckle-faced boy dreams of adventure; he peeps steadily into dark places, hoping to catch a thief; or explores hidden caves, seeking to find a pirate's treasure. The maiden dreams of a lover, a hero bold, who will some day come to claim her heart and hand. Even the idle tramp is always "a-lookin' fer somethin' to turn up." The young soldier dreams of the glory of war; and the staid business man thinks of his work as a great game in which he must play to win or lose.

The dreams of youth are of the future; of age, of the romance of the past. As children, we live part of the time in the real world, and part of the time in the dream world, when the boundary line between the two is vague and indistinct; but as we grow old we see the barrier rising which shut out the real world from the dream world, and we come to realize that the dream world is in our hearts. In this dream world of the heart, our dearest wishes come true; sorrow, disappointment, and hardship never enter; and everything is just as it should be.

But if we look about us with observing eyes, if we are filled with the pure joy of living, we will see the beauty and the romance in the real world which surrounds us—the Romance of Things as They Are—in the promise of the new day, the glory of the setting sun, the mist that hangs over the mountain, the hazy bronze blue shadows at the edge of the forest, the faces that pass in the crowd, the ships that sail silently over the sea. There is the romance of life and love, and the romance of death, the entering into a new adventure in another world.

*The night was black, but it held a star;
Life dreary, but I caught a gleam from afar;
For my soul was filled with the beauty, the joy
And the Romance of Things as They Are.*

—MARY JONES NIXON



THE WORTHINGTON FAMILY



WAR



HE scintillating sunshine sang to me,
 The birds chirped in their nests right merrily,
 Twee—twee, twee—twee!
 The waves splashed on the shores—O, memory!—
 And whispers, whispers, passed unceasingly,
 From tree to tree.

The boom of thunder burst from clouds o'erhead;
 As lightning flashed derision, sunshine fled,
 And hearts were led.
 For days, for months, for years the world was red,
 And every wind that moaned and whistled, said,
 "The dead! The dead!"

The breathless calm, a waiting calm, came next,
 Yet soothing to a world so sorely vexed,
 Worn, and perplexed.
 Flowers dared to bloom. Smiles, came—or their pretext—
 For man will give his all when Right directs,
 Since Love protects.

—G. E. SOLLITT, '18





PRIZE SNAPSHOT BY FRANCES JORDAN
CONTEST CONDUCTED BY ANNUAL STAFF
SNAPSHOT RECEIVING HONORABLE MENTION





potter

JOKES



EARD at the Bookshop:

"Have you any Djer Kiss Salad Dressing?"

"I want a quarter's worth of hydroxides."

MISS RUBY: Will you please tell Sibyl Flagg her Human Body has come?

SIGN ON THE BLACKBOARD IN THE BIOLOGY LAB.: Mrs. Adelaide Dew is here catching mice tonight. Please do not disturb her.

PENNY (*at meeting of Briar Patch staff, discussing pictures*): Oh, it would be an awful bore to have a whole page of her. She isn't the right shape, anyway.

MISS BARTLETT (*In French Class*): Qu'est-ce que vous avez sur votre lit?

EGGY: Un matelot (*meaning un matelas*).

The Kaiser said, "What shameful fears

I'm now compelled to feel;

I stacked the cards for thirty years,

And then mussed up the deal!"

—*Washington Star*.

THOSE who speak of their sons or brothers coming out of the war "without a scratch," forget about the cooties.—*Boston Transcript*.

F. J. (*in History I*): Is the Koran in the Old or New Testament?

STUDENT (*translating Caesar*): Their main strength lay in the Infantry—

VOICE IN REAR: But ours lies in the Cavalry.—*Exchange*.

"This fish is very rich."

"Yes, it is well supplied with bones."—*Ex.*

MISS M. (*In English*): Miss Marsh, haven't you anything in your head at all?

F. M.: Absolutely nothing.

EMMA ADAMS (*sleepily, day after Virginia Polytechnic Institute dance, asking about University of Virginia dance*): Did the My Goodness Orchestra play well last night?

MILITARISM REBORN

WHEN she knew him
For the few short weeks
Before he Went Across,
His face was so brown,
And his eyes were so bright,
And he was so straight
And muscular,
And his uniform was so perfect,
With its little gold bars on the shoulders,
And the heavily embroidered wings over the heart,
And the shiny puttees—
He was so much the man
And the soldier,
That she forgot that the war was going to end some day;
And she went and married him. . . .
And when the war was over,
He came back,
And got out of the Army.
Whereupon it developed
That he had his hair cut round from choice,
And that he liked silk shirts
With broad red and blue stripes,
Or purple dots
The size of mothballs,
And that he wore yellow shoes
With bumpy toes,
And bright green hats,
And vivid suits,
And that he had a passion
For pinochle and *Snappy Stories*,
And cigars with bright bands
Which he never removed,
And that he had a happy way of making himself
More comfortable than anyone else
At social gatherings,
And that he said "He don't" and "you was"
And "athletic;"
So now
She sits at home
In the house her father pays for,
While Charlie punishes an adding-machine,
And she prays fervently
For more wars.

—EDWARD HOPE, United States Navy Air-Station
Pensacola, Fla., in *New York Evening Sun*



AIN'T WE



GOT FUN?



JOKES



SWEET BRIAR student, after sealing a letter home, remembered that she had forgotten to mention her grade on her Chemistry exam, so she wrote on the back of the envelope, "Chemistry, 91." Her mother was very much pleased. After writing another letter home, she received a letter from her mother, congratulating her again on her marks. Then the student remembered that, on the back of the second letter, she had written her room number: Grammer, 100.

It has been suggested that first floor Carson have a victrola record made of "Izzy, Izzy, Izzy."

FRESHMAN (*rainily searching reagent shelves in Chemistry Lab.*): Has anyone seen the calciumion?

"Can you keep a secret, Peggy?"

"I can, but it's just my luck to tell things to other girls who can't."

One night a wild ravaging leopard

Was fired at by a bold sheopard;

Next morn it was found,

Lying dead on the ground—

The leopard the sheopard had peopard.—*Ex.*

MISS STONE (*In Physics I*): If you wanted to open a gate, which side would you grasp—that with the hinge, or that with the bolt?
S. C.: I'd jump it.

Conversation overheard between two Faculty members:

FIRST F. M.: This is the most wonderful book imaginable.

SECOND F. M.: Really?

FIRST F. M.: Yes; it even provides blank pages in the back for the benefit of those who can't read.

R. H., '22 (*seeing M. H., '22, whom she had previously seen in Randolph, debating as to whether to wait for Dr. Harley or go to class*): Well, did you go; or did you leave before you went?

ALICE BABCOCK AND JULE ALBERS (*sifting flour in Domestic Science Lab.*): Oh, Miss Heusch, the're weasels in the flour.

MR. WORTHINGTON (*in French Class*): The term "prunelle" is used in French to represent the small part of the eye. What is it we call it in English?

J. A.: The apple.

FIRST MEMBER BRIAR PATCH STAFF: I've got to go see if I can find that young woman.

SECOND M. B. P. S. (*innocently*): What young woman?

FIRST M. B. P. S.: Miss Young.

FRESHMEN.



A
FEW
days
of
interest
to
1922



"BABY BEN"



'M afraid to go out of my room today,
 Because of the girl who's across the way,
 Because of the girl who rooms next door,
 Because of the "husk" on the upper floor;
 For I set my "Baby Ben" last night,
 And the doggoned thing didn't work just right!
 I never heard its bell at all;
 But the girls who live here on our hall
 Swear that it rang at four a. m.,
 Vow I have no regard for them,
 Declare there's going to be one grand fight
 If ever I show my face tonight;
 So now I am sitting behind the door,
 With a chair and a chiffonier before,
 With a crop in my hand, and a good-sized rock,
 And the pine-cone weight off our cuckoo clock;
 And I can't go out of my room today,
 Because of the girl who's across the way,
 Because of the girl who rooms next door,
 And because of that "husk" on the upper floor.

—SHELLEY ROUSE, '21



CAMPUS TWINS



1872
1769.

DEAR EDITOR



DEAR EDITOR:

I have some very devoted friends, who insist on voting for me for every office. I feel that, on account of my academic work, I cannot conscientiously accept these offices. How can I discourage my friends without hurting their feelings?

TENDER-HEARTED

Dear Tender-Hearted:

Be kind, but firm; and make your friends understand that your decision is final. They will only have the greater respect for you, and perhaps may be influenced to imitate your good example.

THE EDITOR

+ + +

Dear Editor:

I am so importuned by the visits of my upper-class admirers that I cannot give enough time to my studies. As a Freshman, I cannot refuse any request made by an upper-classman; but I feel that I owe it to my parents to pass my exams. Please advise me, as I am in great doubt as to what course to pursue.

PERPLEXED

Dear Perplexed:

Do not allow your upper-class admirers to rush you too much. Let them understand that you are off at college to study, and cannot give too much time to outside interests.

THE EDITOR

+ + +

Dear Editor:

When my crushes send me candy, they always all send it on the same day. This is very inconvenient, as it accumulates in such quantities that it is difficult to dispose of. It would be a much better arrangement if I got just one box of candy a day. How can I tactfully suggest to them that they change their day of sending it. Please answer soon, for it is nearly time for another deluge.

POPULAR

Dear Popular:

You should not allow your crushes to send you so much candy. It would be better to quietly ask them not to send any more than to suggest they change their days. If too much candy accumulates, give it to the poor. Do not allow your popularity to turn your head.

THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

I am a puzzled opera singer, writing to you for your excellent advice. I have appeared at your renowned institution on several occasions, and have been much concerned over the reception of some of my songs. At the critical point of "Where, Oh Where, Is Johnny Gone?" which is usually received with tragic emotion, my fair young audience was almost overcome with giggles, not able to be suppressed. My second attempt with "My Faithful Johnny" was meant to remedy the fault, but only seemed to make it worse. Tell me, what shall I do? I am desperate!

KALLI KURCI

Dear Kalli Kurci:

Do not be disturbed by the reception of your songs at this institution. The inmates are handicapped by a great difficulty in expressing themselves, owing to the limitations of their vocabularies; and they were only showing their appreciation as best they could. Do not let them know of your predicament, as it might hurt their feelings.

THE EDITOR

* * *

Dear Editor:

I am a hopelessly feminine Freshman, and entirely bewildered by the masculine style of dress that the girls are adopting. What shall I do to become more masculine? Which men's furnishings store in Amherst is the best? The price makes no difference, as my father gives me a superfluous allowance. What size collar should a nineteen-year-old girl, wearing 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ shoes, buy? Could you tell me where M—y La B—x buys her superior suits? Also about my hair. Do you think M—y A—n would show me how to make my hair lie down? It is not becoming to me, but that doesn't seem to matter. Do you think that, by taking this step, I could become "socially something?"

AUGUSTA WIND

Dear Augusta Wind:

You are too young to worry about your social standing, but it is natural that you should wish to avoid being conspicuously different from your schoolmates. I am sure your little friends will help you if you go to them frankly about the matter, and explain the situation. As to the stores in Amherst, we would recommend, after careful consideration, that you do your shopping at the City Emporium. I should judge that you should wear a collar between the sizes of 10 and 25.

THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

How can I make people think that I get much mail? I am always the first one in line, and ask for the whole floor. But no one ever even sends me a newspaper or a picture postcard.

I. NEEDA LETTER

Dear Needa:

Have you tried answering ads? One can gain very interesting information concerning freckles, hair-curlers, crooked noses, and reduction cure. Some of these must apply to you.

THE EDITOR

+ + +

Dear Editor:

Will you please tell what the word *debauche* means. I have looked in all the dictionaries, but I can't find it. Our dictionaries are all censored.

A TROUBLED SUB-FRESHMAN

Dear Sub-Freshman:

Don't be troubled. It is useless. Dictionary definitions mean nothing. Go to first floor Carson, and ask the inmates the same question you asked me. Be of stout heart.

THE EDITOR

+ + +

Dear Editor:

What is "Jumping dandruff?" I ask the girls, but they won't tell me. I see girls rubbing their heads, and singing "Pick a Pretty One for Me," but this conveys no idea.

Q. LYE

Dear Q. Lye:

Don't ask. It's not wise. You'll know if the subject in question affects you.

THE EDITOR

+ + +

Dear Editor:

My mirror tells me that I am really beautiful, yet no one ever takes my picture and puts it on the bulletin-board. Why is this? There is one thing I want to ask you. How can I gain popularity? I have my name posted for specials daily. I have bribed the Andersons and F. Jordan to take my picture. Somehow I fail. How do they work it?

STYLE N. EVERYTHING

Dear Style:

Try having your name posted on the express list instead of on the special list. This has been known to do wonders in bringing in the callers, and once they have come, how can they resist your charm? I think this suggestion will help you out of your difficulty.

THE EDITOR



SOPH



ALPHA-OMEGA CHAPTER

MOTTO: *Abandon hope, all ye who have entered here*

HEADQUARTERS: First Floor Carson

EMBLEM: The Family Cat

FOUNDERS OF THE ORDER

KATE CORDES.....	High Priestess
LEE ORTELLA SCHURMAN.....	Grand Mogul
LETTE SHOOP.....	Executioner-in-Chief
LETTE MCLEMORE.....	Keeper of the Scroll

LADIES IN WAITING (Initiated Members)

RUTHIE HULBURD	RUSSE BLANKS
IZZY WEBB (Feet)	JO CATCH
PLEDGE (Little Hope)	
MARY COHEN	

GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN (Members ex-Collegio)

BIRDIE BISHOP	TED SLOAN
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CLUB TOPICS FOR THE YEAR 1918-1919

"How we turned them down in the good old days."

"While there's life, there's hope."

THE ANNUAL GOES TO PRESS

FROM THE VIEWPOINT OF THE
PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR



FOR land's sake, Nancy; what rhymes with 'hour'? I've tried 'sour' and 'glower' but they don't work so well. What did you say, Frances? Oh, just put in a view there. It will fill up space nicely. "No, M. V., no one has written anything about the concerts. Just a minute; I'll do it. I didn't hear most of them; but that's a detail.

"Gee, but I'm hungry. Let's eat. We work lots better when food's near. That article? Oh, that's the one that was on the table near Nancy, and her genius burned so fast that it caught on fire. Come on, Hancy Nancois, let's do Spech now. That rhymes with peck.

"There is a young lady named Spech;
To us she is worth a whole pech."

"What did you say, Tim? You don't like that? Well, that's immaterial to us. It's poetry, and that's all we want.

"Helen, please dictate Varsity Council rules, so that Mary Virginia can typewrite them. Oh, that's all right. It doesn't make any difference whether they're right or not. It's just something to put in.

"Oh, I'm so sleepy! Yes, I went to bed early. Why should I be sleepy? Well you see, it was early in the morning—

"Did you ask me to write some poetry? I'd just love to. I've never done it; but it's easy enough when you once get started. Nancy, I'll do that, if you'll write up Simpson and Wiener. I haven't a brain left.

"Nancy, you've got a birdie you'd better catch before it runs too far.

"Please don't put that one in about me. You know my family will never let me hear the end of it. Oh, well; I'll show my good disposition, and let it go.

"We're on page 132 now. Oh, won't it be wonderful when spring vacation comes? I'm going to eat and sleep—and that's all. Life at Sweet Briar is too strenuous for me."

Stylish—Convenient—Refined!

Sweet Unique Distinctive Pre-eminent The Quality Cream for Discriminating People. "WOMEN, THE LEAD FOR YOU - MY LOVE - WHAT WITH YOU LIKE?"

Democracy Celebrates Have you ever really had enough? "WOMAN'S NEW BILL FOR EQUALITY" WHAT ARE THE GOODS AGAINST YOU?

COZY, COMFORTABLE "Ever-Ready" A-SKIN-TOUCH I LOVE-TO-TOUCH YOU TO TRY OUGHT TRY

No "Second Bests" The Home Coming Some of the Hoped-for Blessings of Peace. **OUR Bond Department** You Need This

At Home "I Would Not Part with it for \$10,000" Think What That Means To Us! A Four-fold Service to Investors

Great Discoveries in these Days of Readjustment With a War Savings Stamp

YOU FREE at ease Why Did She Come to Him?

Whose Fault? ONE OF THE 57 **Wanted a MAN or WOMAN** "There is nothing more to be done"

Give Quick Relief Millions in use today Popular in the Service Here and "Over There" Learn at Home! What He Wanted

BE AN ARTIST Delicious and Wholesome HIGHER TO THINK THEY WERE PURELY

Make Yourself the Man Wanted clip Me Off

Never gets on your nerves But now... Our Own Private Efficiency Test

Show Your Appreciation There's something about them you'll like. "I am persuaded if ever one comes back"

ATTENTION! Satisfaction Guaranteed

Every Woman Knows Twenty-One Plus

Has a Charm and Flavor All Its Own **SPEDDING BACK TO NORMAL** "The Spice of Life" Release Women's Power for War Work! "WOMAN'S NEW BILL FOR EQUALITY" "EVER-READY" A-SKIN-TOUCH I LOVE-TO-TOUCH YOU TO TRY OUGHT TRY

Best for Baby "The Peace Conference" "GIVEN AWAY!" "PERSONAL PEACE CONFERENCE"

It's Like Magic to Her "THE PLEASURES OF LIFE" "WHAT NEXT?" "SOME JOB" "HARD-UPS OF A POPULAR TRAVELER"

Make Yourself the Man Wanted "WHY DID SHE COME TO HIM?" "WHY DID SHE COME TO HIM?"

Give Quick Relief "GIVE QUICK RELIEF" "DELICIOUS AND WHOLESOME" "HIGHER TO THINK THEY WERE PURELY"

BE AN ARTIST "BE AN ARTIST" "DELICIOUS AND WHOLESOME" "HIGHER TO THINK THEY WERE PURELY"

Make Yourself the Man Wanted "MAKE YOURSELF THE MAN WANTED" "CLIP ME OFF"

Never gets on your nerves "NEVER GETS ON YOUR NERVES" "BUT NOW..." "OUR OWN PRIVATE EFFICIENCY TEST"

Show Your Appreciation "SHOW YOUR APPRECIATION" "THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE" "I AM PERSUADED IF EVER ONE COMES BACK"

ATTENTION! "ATTENTION!" "SATISFACTION GUARANTEED"

Every Woman Knows "EVERY WOMAN KNOWS" "TWENTY-ONE PLUS"



LIVES OF SENIORS



IVES of Seniors all remind us
 Cheerful thoughts, ain't worth a dime;
 Tho we bluff, or tho we study,
 We will flunk 'most every time.

In the long hard flunk thru college,
 In the whirl of rural life,
 We have learned, thru painful knowledge,
 To be a hero in the strife.

Soup is cold, and beans are many,
 Laundry comes right promptly back;
 Of men and dates there are not any,
 And of clothes there is a lack.

Exams are long, and "us" are fleeting,
 And our hearts, tho stout and brave,
 Still like muffled drums are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

Neither checks nor ready money
 To our destined end or way,
 For we see that each tomorrow
 Finds us poorer than today.

One by one, our teachers tell us
 Of the marks we did not get,
 And they murmur, smiling sweetly,
 You will flunk your finals yet!

How we sigh, and how we struggle,
 In the writhing long mail line—
 Not a letter there to greet us;
 Roomy gets 'bout eight or nine.

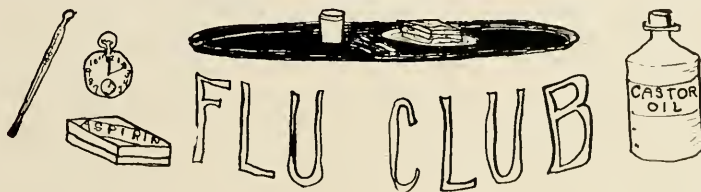
Quarantine still slowly lumbers
 To the end of conscious time;
 'Tis a starving soul that slumbers—
 Breakfast is not served at nine.

Let us then be up and doing,
 Tho blue devils come and go—
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Tho our spirits are so low!

—ELIZABETH EGGLESTON







MOTTO: *We opened the door, and Influenza*

MASCOT: The Lincoln Imp hanging on Dr. Harley's door

FLOWER: Goldenrod

COLORS: Blew and Red

ENTRANCE FEE: One sneeze

AVERAGE REQUIRED OF MEMBERS: Over 100

+ + +

COMMITTEE ON WAYS AND MEANS

MISS MALLARD

DR. HARLEY, *Chairman*

VISITING NURSES

+

MEMBERS

MARJORIE ABRAHAM

STANLEY MILLER

MARGARET TURNER

JOSEPHINE AHARA

JULIA BRUNER

SELMA BRANDT

GRATIA SANBORN

TORRANCE READ

HELEN BEESON

SARAH MCFALL

MARIAN SHAFER

EMMA ADAMS

MARY JONES NIXON

ETHEL WILSON

RUTHMARY HULBURD

MAYNETTE ROZELLE

ELMYRA PENNYPACKER

NANCY HANNA

CAROLINE SHARPE

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STELLA GWYNN

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FRANCES HELMICK

ANNE KEITH

HANNAH RITCH

LEAH HINES

LILLIE MADDOX

JOE BELL

RUSSE BLANKS

GENEVIEVE BROSIUS

HELEN SHURTLEFF

HATHAWAY WRIGHT

JULE ALBERS

ELIZABETH MCKELLAR

MARY ALLEN

ELIZABETH TYLER

MINNIE BELL

ELIZABETH MILLS

HAPPY COOKE

MARGARET MEEK

ISABELLE FRANK

SIGRID SCHOLD

CATHARINE WRIGHT

SHELLEY ROUSE

KATHERINE DAVIS

MARION WALKER

MARGARETTA CARPER

ANNE CARROLL

HALLE MOORE

JEANETTE KIDD

MARY MCLEMORE

ELIZABETH SHOOP

ELIZABETH PICKETT

LYDIA BURGE

MARY MILNE

ELWYNN WESTCOTT

MARGARET WISE

ELEANOR FLOURNOY

HONORARY MEMBERS

THE WORTHINGTONS, THE LEWISES, MISS SIMRALL, MR. GOODE, MISS HOWLAND, MISS BARBER, MISS HEUBSCH, ALL WAITRESSES.



DO YOU KNOW YOUR FRIENDS?





FIRE CHIEF GERALDINE BALL

THE POET

IF I could turn the sunshine to a word,
And make the violet's fragrant perfume heard,
If I could echo birds' notes in the spring,
And capture secrets that the soft winds sing,
If I could do all this, then could one say,
"She is the greatest poet of her day!"

G. E. SOLLITT, '18

+ + +

WORDS

WORDS are like precious jewels,
Rich, sparkling, warmly bright,
Settings for chains of thought
So grace the night.

Were I a jeweler, Dear,
And a great artist, too,
I'd make a chain of purest words
And golden thoughts, for you.

G. E. SOLLITT, '18



TO ANOTHER FAMOUS MOUSE



MOUSIE dear, where are you sneaking,
 As in my closet you come squeaking
 To scamper 'midst my shoes?
 For the food you're prying after,
 Sniff away with mousish laughter—
 E'er long you'll have the blues.

Continue not this promenading,
 This nightly feast and proud parading,
 Or you your course will rue.
 Stop gnawing on my last, lone "bi'quit;"
 You may be "wee, and sma', and slickit"
 But timorous—humph—not you!

Each night I hear you cutting capers
 Upon my cheese, and in my papers—
 Not worrying half a rap.
 The next time that I catch you plund'ring,
 On your young head will fall a-thund'ring
 My strong and murderous trap!

Miss "Dixie" snared your little brother,
 Who had escaped the eye of mother,
 And perished far away.
 We wondered who did suffer more—
 Ourselves or mousie, 'neath the floor,
 Beside the steps in Gray.

Dear Bobby Burns! He never knew
 The things that Sweet Briar girls go thru,
 While you are at our house.
 If he were here, he'd not abide.
 He'd make his exit, as he cried—
 "Farewell"—Dog-gone that mouse!

MARY TAYLOR, '21

PITCHED BATTLE VERSUS ARBITRATION LEAGUE

"LADIES DON'T DO IT"
DO WHAT?
FIGHT!

+

SCENE I

TIME: October, 1918

+

The Sophs Think

PEACE and quiet reign supreme on Sweet Briar campus. Harassed Freshmen and worried Sophomores have just completed their six weeks' tests, and draw a long breath of relief. Then Sophomores, in their newly acquired dignity, decide the latest addition to the college is feeling entirely too much at home. Green armbands fail to make "Freshies, little green Freshies," take the last seat in the last row back, so Sophs are at a loss! They hold mysterious meetings in secret places behind locked doors, but the ever-present Sherlocks of the enemy are on their trail, and a rough-house, hot and heavy, ensues. Seven little Sophs in a locked room; fifty-seven husky Freshies banging at the door; seven little Sophomores whistle madly for reinforcements—two longs and a short; forty Sophs attack from the rear; fifty-seven Freshmen are surprised, but counter-attack; the wounded and missing lie about in heaps.

"Oh! How we hate to be bit by the Sophomores,
Oh! How we hate to be bit in the nose."

SCENE II

The Faculty Speak!

Evening is ushered in with piercing shrieks and mysterious whistles; tall white figures flit about the dark campus, giving a ghostlike effect to the whole picture. Then the Sophs find that a member is missing, and great is the fuss thereof! Frantic search fails to reveal the lost Soph! But hush! the missing member is doing her best; yet what can a poor Soph do when surrounded by seventy-seven Freshies? She can kick and bite and squirm and shriek; and she does! When all else fails, she can faint; and she does! She can make seventy-seven scared Freshies carry her up a hill to a college; and she does!

Horried, the Faculty meet. They act, and firm is their command:
"No hazing in any form." Sophomores stumped? No! They consult
upper-classmen. Result: Varsity Council resolves, "Freshies must know
their place. We will have "rulings;" and no sooner said than done.
"Rulings" and by-laws appear in due form on the bulletin boards.
Consternation in Freshie Camp.

First Aid to the Injured

"Every Freshie has to wear
Little apron, white and fair.
Tho we have just lots of spirit,
We don't mind at all to wear it.
Wait, and see how nice we look;
You'll get one by hook or crook.
We may kick at rules of mail lines, shoeshines,
But no Freshie whines—
Just because she has to wear,
Little apron, white and fair!

SCENE III

The Criminal Pleads

Sophomores play policemen. Freshmen are the victims. On a cold
morning in mid-November, every trespassing Freshie receives a summons.

"To Miss Criminal:

"You are commanded, in the name of the Varsity Council, to appear
in open Court, etc."

Frightened Freshies fight for trump lawyers to prove that they
didn't do what they did do.

A wise and long-suffering judge comes to Sweet Briar bench. A
dreary session follows. One sweet and blooming lady—hitherto known
as the president of the Freshman Class—is proven to be after all only a
sweet potato; while another popular young woman is cited as a dangerous
lunatic, and given hard labor with ("the old") a broom. Another hardened
criminal is sentenced to guard the flagpole, to prevent the Founder's Day
guests from running away with it. The Campus green is converted into
a whale fishing for Founder's Day afternoon, and convicts dangle their
bait "for 'most anything."

Judge and upper-classmen exhaust their original penalties, and Court
adjourns, and the Soph quotes:

"We don't haze;
We won't fight;
We arbitrate."



SUNDAY, OCTOBER 13.

Earliest report received of Germany's first offer to accept Wilson's peace terms. Encampment raises five hundred dollars to buy a Liberty Bond for the Endowment Fund.



OCTOBER 13

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19.

Commissions granted in Infantry Regiment. First skirmishes of sham battles between Infantry and Cavalry.

MONDAY AND TUESDAY, OCTOBER 21 AND 22.

Sham battles threaten to develop into Civil War. Commanding Officer calls a halt.



THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24.

Cavalry-Infantry armistice signed. Infantry uniforms ordered, and Infantry Manual of Arms received.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25.

Field Artillery introduces Williams family to Infantry.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26.

Y. W. C. A. camp entertainment committee presents "A Musical Cocktail."



THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31.

Instructing Officers give Halloween Party to Student Officers.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1.

Infantry appear in uniform for

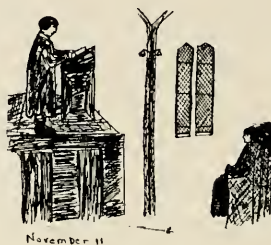
the first time. Encampment has the great pleasure of hearing Miss Myrna Sharlow sing.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2.

Cavalry entertain Aviation Corps with a Costume Ball.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 3.

Y. W. C. A. gives the "Pageant of the World."



THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7.

Encampment celebrates a little prematurely.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8.

Holiday to celebrate news of singing of armistice. Mr. Powys addresses encampment on "The Effect of the War on England."

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11.

Armistice officially signed. Mr. Shelton, "Y" Secretary from Fortress Monroe, addresses encampment.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 12.

Mr. Roy Chamberlain, one of the first American "Y" secretaries in France, makes strong appeal for the War Fund. Subscriptions from encampment total \$10,800.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15.

Aviation Corps entertains cavalry at Sweet Briar House.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19.

Dr. Ogilvie and Miss Stephens, from Barnard College, tell encampment about Women's Land Army.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

Court Martial held under auspices of Varsity Council. Mr. Manson acts as Judge.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23.

Founder's Day. Aviation Corps wear insignia of "Ace" for the first time. Annual camp hop.

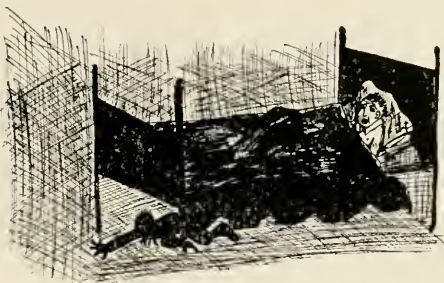


WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27.

Field Artillery have a Circus in Drill Hall.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28.

Thanksgiving Day. Encampment is fed. Party given in Drill Hall, instead of at Walker's, owing to the weather.



December 2

MONDAY, DECEMBER 2.

Thrill among waitresses, after lights.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5.

General McVea announces that furlough starts a week earlier than scheduled.



December 3 - January 1

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6.

Encampment enjoys a concert by Marvin Maazel. Invitations delivered to new members of Merry Jesters and Ripplers.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10.

Carrie Sharpe elected president of Y. W. C. A. for the rest of the year.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11.

Merry Jester recruits given the third degree.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1918, TO SUNDAY, JANUARY 5.

Christmas furlough.

MONDAY, JANUARY 6.

Instructing Officer, Drilling Sergeant Guion, leaves for France.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 17.

General McVea entertains Field Artillery at the Tea House. Congressman Chandler addresses encampment.



SATURDAY, JANUARY 18.

Veteran members of Paint and Patches present "Secret Service."

MONDAY, JANUARY 27.

Intensive training at encampment started.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 31.

Quarantine lifted from encampment.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1.

Intensive training ends. Former Commanding Officer Sandmeyer visits encampment, and is serenaded after lights by Aviation Corps.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3.

Second term of thirteenth campaign formally opened. Miss Smith enrolled among Instructing Officers, to take Miss Heusch's place.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7.

Recruited Rippers eat the Holy Worm.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11.

Madame Gertrude Auld sings for encampment.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14.

Aviation Corps gives Valentine Party in drill hall.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15.

University of Virginia makes a mistake.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19.

Camp Basket-Ball team gives supper at Amherst, to Artillery-Infantry team.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21.

Infantry entertain Field Artillery with cabaret party, in Mess Hall.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 25.

Hamlin Garland gives lecture to encampment, on "Literary Men I Have Known."

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28.

Helen Johnston elected May Queen.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1.

Y. W. C. A. scores hit of season with Musical Comedy, "Bluff."

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4.

Encampment discovers a new use for kerosene.

SATURDAY, MARCH 8.

Madame Scruger plays the violin, and tells encampment of her experiences as a Red Cross nurse in Belgium.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15.

Instructing officers give Fashion Show for the benefit of the League of Nations Fund.

FRIDAY, MARCH 2, TO MONDAY, MARCH 31.

Encampment receives Spring furlough.

FRIDAY, APRIL 4.

Miss Jeanne Alexander gives violin recital for encampment.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5.

Instructing officers present a play.

FRIDAY, APRIL 11.

Camp Glee Club holds recital.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12.

Field Day in morning. Athletic Association gives Minstrel Show, and presents awards.

FRIDAY, APRIL 25.

Raw recruits entertain veterans in Mess Hall.

THURSDAY, MAY 1.

Aviation Corps gives a play.

FRIDAY, MAY 2.

May Day.

SATURDAY, MAY 10.

Recruited Merry Jesters give a play.

SATURDAY, MAY 17.

Field Artillery gives a play.

SATURDAY, MAY 24.

Recruited Ripplers have a play.

THURSDAY, JUNE 3.

Aviation Corps receive commissions.



STATISTICS

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PRESIDENTS OF STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

1906-07—INA LARKINS	1913-14—REBEKAH PATTON
1907-08— { BESSIE JACKSON	1914-15—HARRIET EVANS
{ FRANCES MURRELL	1915-16—MARGARET BANNISTER
1908-09—NAN POWELL	1916-17—VIRGINIA SANDMEYER
1909-10—NAN POWELL	1917-18— { LOUISE CASE
1910-11—MARY PARKER	{ MARIANNE MARTIN
1911-12—EUGENIA BUFFINGTON	1918-19—ISABEL WOOD
1912-13—EUGENIA BUFFINGTON	1919-20—HELEN JOHNSTON

+ + +

PRESIDENTS OF Y. W. C. A.

1907-08—NAN POWELL	1914-15—ANNE SCHUTTE
1908-09—MARY VIRGINIA PARKER	1915-16—GENIE STEELE
1909-10—LOULIE WILSON	1916-17—JANE HENDERSON
1910-11—LOULIE WILSON	1917-18—DOROTHY NEAL
1911-12—BESSIE GRAMMER	1918-19— { DOROTHY NEAL
1912-13—DOROTHY GRAMMER	{ CAROLINE SHARFE
1913-14—HENRIETTA WASHBURN	1919-20—FLORENCE IVES

+ + +

PRESIDENTS OF ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

1908-09—ALMA BOOTH	1914-15—ZALINDA BROWN
1909-10—MARY VIRGINIA PARKER	1915-16—ZALINDA BROWN
1910-11—MARGARET DALTON	1916-17—CORNELIA CARROLL
1911-12—ELSIE ZAEGEL	1917-18—CORNELIA CARROLL
1912-13—ELIZABETH FRANKE	1918-19—FLORENCE FREEMAN
1913-14—ALICE SWAIN	1919-20—NANCY HANNA

PRESIDENTS OF DRAMATICS

1909-10—EUGENIA GRIFFIN	1914-15—RACHEL FORBUSH
1910-11—MARGARET COBB	1915-16—MARTHA DARDEN
1911-12—MARY TYLER	1916-17—JANE PRATT
1912-13—MARY TYLER	1917-18—CHARLOTTE SEAVER
1913-14—RACHEL FORBUSH	1918-19—KATHERINE TAYLOR
1919-20—KATHERINE TAYLOR	

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1909-10—NAN POWELL	1914-15—ELLEN HOWISON
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1912-13—MARY PINKERTON	1917-18—CAROLINE SHARPE
1913-14—RUTH MAURICE	1918-19—MAYNETTE ROZELLE
1919-20—MARY TAYLOR	

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1913-14—HARRIET EVANS	1918-19—MARY VIRGINIA CRABBS
1919-20—FANNY ELLSWORTH	

+ + +

MAY QUEENS

1907—ANNE ROYAL	1913—MARY TYLER
1908—MARY BROOKE	1914—RUTH MAURICE
1909—MARGARET COBB	1915—RUTH WATKINS
1910—JOSEPHINE MURRAY	1916—REBECCA STOUT
1911—JOSEPHINE MURRAY	1917—MARTHA DARDEN
1912—EUGENIA BUFFINGTON	1918—CATHERINE MARSHALL
1919—HELEN JOHNSTON	

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+

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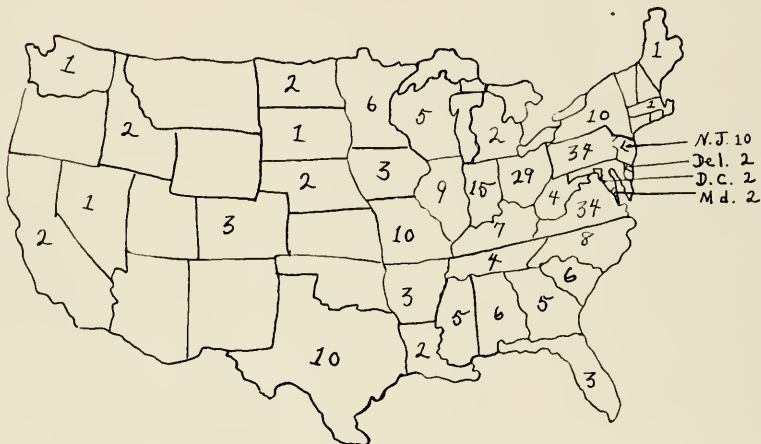
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WILSON, MARY TABITHA	Wheeling, W. Va.
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EASTERLIN, THELMA	Americus, Ga.
FRINK, GLORIA SPOFFORD	Seattle, Wash.
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SUMMARY

Seniors	18
Juniors	26
Sophomores	56
Freshmen	129
Irregular	24
Total.....	253

STATEMENT OF BUSINESS MANAGER



DISBURSEMENTS



OST of getting out annual.....Shaltered nerves and ruined beauty

Cost of getting out of Sweet Briar

Summer sojourn at the Penitentiary

Six Christmas gifts to staff, @ \$2.49.....\$ 14.94

Carfare to Lynchburg for Business Manager..... 6.63

Week at State Farm, after Annual goes to Press..... 357.63

Salaries of Staff 3.99

Mysterious expenses 1,313.13

Upkeep of furnace which stoked the fires of genius..... 597.92

Gun for use in 335 Carson..... 4.98

Cost of week-end spent by Staff at the Virginian..... 97.55

Stamps.....All of Papa Crabbs' change

Candy for Editor 11.59

Gum for Business Manager 8.73

Midnight Oil for Joke Editor 5.29

Carfare for Entire Staff to Penitentiary 32.19

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS



MISS MURPHY

MISS McLAWS

MISS ELANETTE SOLLITT

MISS EDITH FORBUSH

and all others who have helped to make possible this Annual



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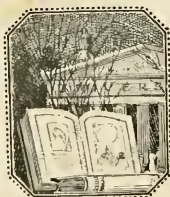
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